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TWO HISTORICAL PLAYS.

THE

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM,

OR,

THE FALL

OF

MONSIEUR ST. RUTH.

IRELAND PRESERVED,

—OR,—

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

TWENTY-SIXTH CANADIAN EDITION.

MILTON:
PRINTED BY JACQUES & WILSDON
1859.

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THE

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

SCENE, A CAMP.

The play opens with a Martial sound of Kettle-drums and Trumpets behind the scenes, after which the curtain goes up, and discovers St. Ruth, Lord Sarsfield, and Col. Gordon O'Neil as sitting in council, they rise and come forward.

SECURE brave Sarsfield in our camp we lie
And from our lines the British force defy;
Though in their cause both Dutch and Danes do join
To boast their dear-bought conquest of the Boyne.
From yonder hill, my Lord, I can survey
Some great rejoicing in their camp to-day,
For in the air I could behold afar
Their ensigns waving in the pomp of war,
Their cannon firing, and a smoke arise,
As with their acclamations reach the skies.
Believe me, Sir, those whiggish winds do bring
Some lying packet from the Orange king,
The vicious allies do some fort invest,
Or else their fleet has cannonaded Brest:
But let their arms in Flanders so proceed,
By us the famed Hibernia shall be freed.
Our Fleur de Lis and Harp we will display,
To fright those wolves and lions' cubs away,
Those non-contemners that polute the soil,
And grow both fat and wanton with our spoil,
For which great Lewis, anxious of the land,
Hath sent me here your army to command.

Sars. We stand indebted-to the Christian king;
Next, Sir, to you, who do those succors bring
(*Bowing*
Long may you live in martial pomp to wield
A hero's sword, the truncheon or the shield.

You see our king and race of priests are sent
With all their relics into banishment.
Our state is sunk, and now on every side,
The Pope and triple crown are both denied;
Our foe the Metropolitan commands,
And all the powe. is wrested from our hands;
No garrison we hold to call our own,
But Limerick, Galway, and stout Athlone.
Which you my Lord have seen from yonder ground
With British forces quite beleaguered round;
From whence our letters say that every morn
They stand in danger of a general storm.

O'Neil. Fear not. my Lord, but scorn the revolution;
And like great Cato smile at persecution.
When that brave Roman found his aged hand,
No longer could defend his native land,
Against himself the fatal sword he drew,
And with it pierced his guiltless body through.
Then let us, Sirs, like him disdain to fly,
But dig our graves in honor ere we die,
Or like true honest souls retreve our liberty.

St. Ruth. There spoke the genius of the common-weal;
A thought so noble suits the great O'Neil:
Thy predecessors with heroic fame,
Once quell'd Ertlugises the haughty Dane,
When he in triumph lay encamped between
The hill of Tara and the lofty Skreen;
They cross'd the Boyne, and in the dead of night
Slew all his guards and put his troops to flight,
Laid some as tigers welt'ring in their gore,
And drove the remnant to their frozen shore;
Thus like brave souls, by one courageous stroke,
They freed Hibernia from the Danish yoke;
Then shall a soul like yours be kept in awe,
By England's power or the proud Nassau?
No, stay—his crown shall fall——
Nay his dominions moulder by degrees,
As leaves in Autumn with'ring off the trees,
James shall return, and with great pomp restore
Our Romish worship to the land once more,
And drown those Heretics in crimson gore,

Sars. When that day comes which I most wish to see,
We'll strip the branches from their Orange tree,
Loop down his boughs, whilst this true Irish hand
Shall scourge those English vipers off the land;
Then shall our Monks and Jesuits all return,
And holy incense on our altars burn,

Whose arduous smoke shall penetrate the air—
(*A horn sounds within.*

St. Ruth. Hark! a post arrives who does some message bear.

Enter a Post.

Post. With important news I from Athlone am sent,
Be pleased to show me to the general's tent.

Sars. Behold the general there, your message tell.

St. Ruth. Declare your message, are our friends all well?

Post. Pardon me sir, the fatal news I bring,
Like vultures' poison every heart shall sting.
Athlone is lost without your timely aid,
At six this morning an assault was made,
When under shelter of the British cannon,
Their grenadiers in armour took the Shannon,
Led by brave captain Sandays, who with fame;
Plunged to his middle in the rapid stream:
He led them through, and with undaunted ire
He gained the bank in spite of all our fire;
Being bravely followed by his grenadiers
Though bullets flew like hail about their ears,
And by this time they enter uncontrouled.

St. Ruth. Dare all the force of England be so bold;
T'attempt to storm so brave a town, when I
With all Hibernia's sons of war am nigh?
Return; and if the Britons dare pursue,
Tell them St. Ruth is near, and that will do.

Post. Your aid would do much better than your name.

St. Ruth. Bear back this answer, friend, from whence you came. (*Exit Post.*

Sars. Send speedy succors and their fate prevent,
You know not yet what Britons dare attempt.
I know the English fortitude is such,
To boast of nothing, though they hazard much,
No force on earth their fury can repel,
Nor would they fly from all the devils in hell.

St. Ruth. Name 'em no more, my Lord, but pray forbear.
I will not aid them by my name I swear;
'Tis but a scoff, a ridicule to try
Would I outbrave 'em in the victory.
Dare British force attempt to make them yield,
When as the Sultan I command the field?

Sars. Boast not, my lord, but rather take a view
Of what these Britons did in France subdue:

See what their Edward did on Cressy plain,
Or where at Poicttiers he the field did gain;
Then tell me would those Britons fear your name?
Though I'm their foe, I must espouse so far
The English honor in the feats of war,
To say with glory they would rather die,
Ere they for shame would from a million fly.

Enter Colonel Talbot.

St. Ruth. Brave Colonel Talbot, thy victorious hand,
Nurtured in art of war can best command.
Thou Irish Scipio, let your word alone,
Pronounce your thoughts, say, shall we aid Athlone?

Talb. Pardon me sir, I fear 'tis past your aid,
For on a rising ground I now surveyed
The British standard on the walls displayed;
No further confirmation can you crave,
The town is lost which you denied to save.

Sars. Now see, my lord, what English hearts can do.

St. Ruth. They dare not, sir, the news cannot be true.

Talb. 'Tis true, by Heaven! you'll find it to your loss
I've seen the walls o'erspread with George's cross;
And with remorse, just as a pointed dart
Shot from a thunder-bolt, it pierced my heart:
This I beheld, and heard the cannons roar,
I turned my back and would behold no more.

Enter Major General Dorrington.

Dor. Misfortune, Death and horror! O the grief!
Athlone is lost, and now is past relief.
The flying soldiers from the town do run,
And now for shelter to the camp are come.

St. Ruth. Then it is surely taken past a doubt:
Haste, order my guards to march and beat them out.

Sars. Easily said, could they as soon obey,
We'd make the scelloms for their entrance pay;
But yet I fear in an unlucky hour,
They will not fly from you nor all your power.

Dor. The works that face our camp are yet entire,
And now their guns against our tents do fire;
Except we straight decamp by your command
There's not a tent in all our lines can stand

St. Ruth. Then loiter not, but sound to arms on sight
Decamp and march to Miton pass to-night,
And in good order all to Aughrim fly,
For there's the spot on which I choose to die,
Or by the dint of sword my fortune try.
Haste, see the tents struck with care, and all things done,
And draw them off without the beat of drum.

Exeunt Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neil.

Sars. Be calm my soul, thy swelling spleen assuage,
And curb the boiling madness of my rage.
Now let the earth be into chaos hurled,
Whilst earthquakes rise and overthrow the world.
Let gloomy vapours veil the dusky air,
And let all mankind sink beneath despair,
Let Sol and Cinthia now withdraw their light,
And let the stars no longer rule the night,
But let the course of nature be extinguished quite.
Oh, Heavens! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,
The pride of empire and the throne of state.
Thy sons are slaughtered, and thy walls betrayed,
Because that traitor did not send the aid!
But I'll revenge the wrong and he shall fall,
The crime is great, though the revenge is small;
(Draws)
Come, draw,——and let your sword afford your head relief,

St. Ruth. Consider, Sarsfield, I am here your chief,
Your Country's ruin would attend our strife.

Sars. No thought but that could save your worthless life,
[Puts up.
That binds my sword, or by the Lord I swear,
I'd send your soul to wallow in despair.

St. Ruth. You'd send my soul! there I conjure you hold,
For know, proud traitor, you are now too bold;
Detested from my camp you shall be driven,
Without the hopes of finding aid from Heaven.

Sars. You dare not drive me, nor, I wont obey,
Yet, know, cursed mongrel, here I will not stay;
I'll quit your camp, then shall you surely find,
There's not an Irish soul will stay behind.
Then with a remnant of my chosen band,
I'll drive your frog-devourers off the land;
My eyes like basalisks shall dart you through;
Then will I next the British force subdue;
Without your aid I will their force defeat
To free my country and my lost estate;
Meanwhile, let vengeance, war and public shame,
Trace your damned self, your country and your name.
(Exit

St. Ruth, solus.

St. Ruth. Insulted and abandoned! O ye gods,
Did ever man meet such unequal odds
Sent by the king to save a stubborn crew,
Who with perdition would my life pursue;

But hold my heart, dispel this timorous fear,
For lo, O'Neil and Dorrington appear.

Enter Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neil.

O'Neil. Your orders are obeyed, my lord, the right
Detatchment of your horse is out of sight,
Your left the center, and the royal train,
Are on their march and have forsock the plain.

St. Ruth. Success attend 'em, but O'Neil fear,
The boist'rous surges of our fate are near,
A gleam of horror does my vitals damp,
I fear Lord Lucan has forsook the camp.

O'Neil. Great Heaven forbid the hero should desert,
The thought like lightning blasts me to the heart!
As I rode through our lines to move this way,
He marshalled forth his troops in bright array,
And with a smile which spoke his inward wroth,
He boldly bid them spread his banners forth:
This, Sir, I heard; the next his sword he drew,
Mounted his steed, and bid them all pursue
Their country's freedom, and its soil redeem
From servile bonds—But when he found I seen
His forward inclinations every way,
He waved his arm aloft, and bid me stay,
To join his party: time will show the rest.

St. Ruth. The news, like rushing torrents have deluged my breast,
But haste, O'Neil, my friend, and overtake
His rash resolves, and for his country's sake,
To his great breast the threat'ning danger show,
Entreat him, nay, beseech him not to go:
Bring him to Aughrim, and if you prevail,
When we are joined we will our foes assail.
Do this, brave friend, with eloquence on sight,
Whilst in the rear I shall make good our flight.

(*Exeunt St. Ruth, Dorrington and O'Neil.*

Colonel Talbot solus.

Talb. Should he desert, ye powers! I will not stay,
But like Lord Syphax, bear my troops away.
Confound the bouger, ere I do retire,
And set Olympus on a flame of fire,
For sure the gods our ruin do decree.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

Sir Char. By the account she gave this must be he. (*Aside.*
Behold a stranger kneels and humbly prays, (*Kneels.*
That you would add some moments to his days.

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Talb. Wrap me not in confusion but explain,
Your wrongs, young soldier, and from whence you came;
Sir Char. My heart ensnared by love does inward bleed—
If Talbot is your name, I will proceed.
Talb. Strange youth it is—arise, and pray disclose,
With free access the author of your woes. (*He rises.*
Sir Char. Then sir to tell you all my final case,
I am a Briton of a Saxon race:
Sir Charles Godfrey, is my lawful name,
My father in our late great monarch's reign,
Was by a band of villains slain.
He being dead I was of friends bereft,
One virtuous sister I had only left,
And she is wedded as I needs must own,
To Colonel Herbert now before Athlone.
Thither was I going, when by chance I spied
Thy daughter sitting by a forest side;
I stood amazed, and viewed her o'er and o'er,
And as I viewed alas! I loved her more and more.
She seemed so charming to my ravished eyes,
That mighty Juno, hovering from the skies,
Drawn by her peacocks through liquid air,
Must yield her throne to one so killing fair.
Talb. Eloquence well turned: young Marcus what remains?
Sir. Char. Her beauteous charms have set my heart on flames,
When on my knees I did for mercy sue,
Her answer was, I must appeal to you.
Then, noble sir, if mercy is confined
Within the dictates of a warrior's mind.
Impower this sword to serve her heavenly charms,
I'll court her in the field by deeds of arms,
In spite of death or all its [illegible] alarms.
Talb. Thy suit shall be accepted, gallant youth,
Let me inform our general St. Ruth,
If he receives you, then I pawn my oath
Win her, she shall be yours, and bless you both.
Sir. Char. How shall my gratitude reward your care?
Talb. Follow to Aughrim, for we [illegible] and it there,
By force of war make good our rightful claim,
And wreaths of laurels for our monarch gain.
Sir Char. Now like the mariner I leave the shore,
And put to sea in search of golden ore,
Through boisterous surges plough the troubled main,
Midst rocks and tempests, and at last attain
A bay of love and pleasure for my pain. (*Exeunt*

The end of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

Scene—The plain of Aughrim at five in the morning. The Irish Camp, and the castle of Aughrim appearing at a distance.

Enter Jemina, who sits down and sings.

Ye Gods, look down and see a maid,
By cruel fortune thus betrayed,
A sacrifice to fate ;
A youth I love, and he is brave,
Like mighty Mars ordained to save,
But yet to captivate.
Come all ye nymphs who ever knew
What Cupid or his dart could do,
Give ear unto my moan :
Pity my pain, ye maids, and know,
I love, but cannot tell him so ;
Then melt each heart of stone.
Immortal Gods, some pity show,
On constant lovers here below,
When dangers do surround :
Let them at last when all is clear,
Enjoy their love and only dear,
And let these joys abound.
But if the powers do decree,
That I must lose my liberty,
Distracted will I run.
To seek some dismal fatal grove,
There fall a victim to my love,
And so be quite undone.

(*She rises and comes forward.*

Hail ! sweet Hibernia, hospitable isle,
More rich than Egypt with her flowing Nile ;
Fair garden of the earth, thy fragrant plains
Are seats of war ; and thy sweet purling streams
All run with blood, and vengeance seems to trace
The shining remnant of Hibernia's race.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

Sir Char. See how fair Venus like the breaking morn,
With virgin blushes does the plain adorn,
The gleamy damps of night she does control,
And darts her rays to cheer her drooping soul :
Oh ! my Jemina, listen whilst I say,
The news I bring shall bless the breaking day,
Apollo rises from the eastern seat
To crown those joys my tongue can scarce repeat.

Jem. What joy is this, Sir Knight, you would impart ?

Sir Char. Such as has raised a sun-shine in my heart ;

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Thy gallant sire has granted all thy charms,
With all thy Heavens to these transported arms.
Jem. Oh! name not joys like these, for heaven's sake,
What; is not love, nay fortune, both at stake?
You see my country's fate reduced so low,
To try a gamester's chance for one poor throw.
Sir Char. Let not a thought so vain as this perplex
The brightest star of all thy beauteous sex,
For if your country should in danger be,
By Heaven! I swear I'd die to set it free;
Inspired by you, I'll rush against my fate,
Like Saladin, and all our foes defeat.
Then fairest on the earth, do not despair,
For Heaven, who formed you so divinely fair,
Will make your safety its peculiar care.
Jem. Forbear, sir knight, the language I detest:
Could thoughts like these inflame a virgin's breast
At this sad time, when love's auspicious charms
Are all declined for martial deeds of arms?
And at my sobbing heart there's something too,
Whispering within, that men are seldom true.
Sir Char. Witness with me, ye gods! who rule the sky,
How far my nature is beyond a lie;
If I dissemble, may I ever be,
A sad example to posterity!
When first your fair angelic form I viewed,
The god of love my liberty subdued,
From your fair eyes he stole a fatal dart,
And sheathed it reeking in my captive heart.
Nothing therefore can end my raging pain,
Unless for love you grant me love again;
For if you do my fervent suit deny,
I like the phœnix in my nest will fry,
'Till cruel death shall finish all the strife,
And I in scorching flames give up my life;
Then as my ghost to paradise shall go,
I'll praise that heaven in you I leave below.
Jem. Can flattery like this proceed from one
Whom all my thoughts are solely fixed upon?
Your eloquence divine my heart does move,
And now in spite of virtue I must love;
Here take my hand, 'tis true the gift is small,
But when I can, I'll give you heart and all.
Sir Char. Thanks to the gods! who such a present gave,
Such radiant graces ne'er could man receive;

For who on earth has e'er such transports known.
What is the Turkish Monarch on his throne,
Hemmed round with rusty swords in pompous state?
Amidst his court no joys can be so great.
Retire with me, my soul no longer stay!
In public view, the general moves this way. (*Exeunt.*

(*A flourish of trumpets within.*

Enter St. Ruth, Derrington and O'Neil.

St. Ruth. Is Sarsfield then returned? O bless the day!
Draw out the troops to line the hero's way;
Amidst our shouts in triumph shall he come,
Like great Emilius when he conquered Rome
In pomp, bedewed with Macedonian tears.

Dor. Behold, my Lord, Sarsfield the brave appears!

Enter Sarsfield.

St. Ruth. Now stand distraction! here thy conquest ends, (*Embraicng.*
Thrice welcome to my heart, thou best of friends,
The rock on which our holy faith depends;
May this our meeting as a tempest make
The vast foundations of Britannia shake,
Tear up their orange plant and overwhelm
The strongest bulwarks of the British realm!
Then shall the Dutch and Hanoverian fall,
And James shall ride in triumph to Whitehall.
Then to protect our faith he will maintain
An inquisition here, like that in Spain.

Sars. Most bravely urged, my Lord! your skill I own,
Would be unparalleled had you saved Athlone.

St. Ruth. Probe not those wounds anew, lest they create,
Some fresh commotions, to draw on our fate;
But rather let us some examples show,
And issue forth on the imperious foe,
Who now comes on like swelling waves, who roar
To dash on rocks, and break against the shore.
The latest letters from my scouts do say,
That near the river Suck the Britons lay,
Secure of conquest, and will hither come,
Like boisterous surges guided by the moon.

Dor. Then fear 'em not whilst here we lie secure
As ever Guiscard lay in great Namure?
You see my lords, our camp on every side
Is both by art and nature fortified;
For situation not a spot of ground
Like this in all Hibernia can be found.

(*An alarm.*

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Enter Colonel Talbot hastily.

Talb. To arms my friends! the English are in sight,
And in contempt of death resolved to fight;
Despising fear, like furies they advance,
In open war to dare the power of France;
Their echoing shouts the pregnant valleys fill,
And all our works are levelled on the hill,
Our scouts no longer at their posts can stay,
But fall like snow that gently thaws away.

St. Ruth. Be it your care to march with present aid:

Talb. Your orders, sir, with speed shall be obeyed.

(*Draws his sword and exit.*
Drums beat within.

St. Ruth. Come let us arm, my friends, and at the head,
Of every regiment let a mass be said!
Draw forth our army in the best array,
To try the fortune of this doubtful day,
For sure the English scellums void of fear,
Delight to force our lines and fight us here;
But should they come, there each victorious band,
Shall fall like wheat into a reaper's hand.

Dor. But first my Lord, I hold it best that we
On Kilcommodon post our cavalry,
Behind these hedges let some forces stand,
That may the centre of the bog command;
Then shall we see, for all their great designs,
f Scandenberg himself dare force our lines.

(*A second alarm within.*

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, with his sword drawn and Bloody.

Sir Char. Arm, quickly arm, why stand ye loitering here,
In cold debates? the conquering foe is near.
Brave Cunningham's dragoons, Sir Albert at their head,
Have paved the field all over with the dead,
Before the gallant knight no force could stand,
But all submitted to his mighty hand.
More could I say but horror stops my speech.

St. Ruth. Nay tell out the worst, young soldier I beseech.

Sir. Char. Alas! my heart, I tremble to explain,
But since I must—Talbot the great is slain.
Lord Port[illegible]'s horse approached the mortal fight
With sword in hand, and put our troops to flight,
This Talbot saw, and like a hero bold,
Disdaining life he scorned to be controlled:

But as a Mars amidst the throng he run,
And there he stood like marble to the sun,
Till being flanked and backed on every side,
By multitudes oppressed he bravely died;
I strove in vain, and by his side I stood,
Till as you see I dyed my sword in blood.

Sars. There fell as brave a soul, with honor fired,
As ever yet by force of war expired;
Then fly to arms, and for his sake who died,
Pursue and charge the foe on every side.

St. Ruth. Then loiter not but sound to arms with speed,
And for his sake ten thousand foes shall bleed.
Vengeance and war their legions shall devour,
Athlone was sweet but Aughrim shall be sour.
But to defeat them with more ease I see,
'Tis best we guard the pass of Urachree,
Then haste O'Neil, and see the castle lined,
With musqueteers, as we before designed;
Draw up your troops, in order to sustain
The Briton's fire and their ground maintain.
You know, my heroes, I have oft embrued
These hands in blood, and heresy subdued;
So on this day, Rome's banners shall be spread,
To send those locusts reeling to the dead.
Our church shall bless you, and her saints shall pray
That we may gain the glory of the day:
Louis shall guard you, I myself will wield
This sword, and sweep those vermin off the field. (*Ext.*

(*Drums and trumpets within.*

Enter several soldiers bearing the body of Colonel Talbot on their shoulders, they lay him bloody on the stage.

Enter Jemina.

Jem. Oh!—he is dead!—my soul is all on fire,
Witness ye Gods!—he did with fame expire.
For liberty a sacrifice was made,
And fell like Pompey by some villian's blade,
There lies a breathless corse whose soul ne'er knew
A thought but what was always just and true;
Look down from Heaven, God of peace and love,
Waft him with triumph to the throne above;
And oh! ye winged guardians of the skies,
Tune your sweet harps, and sing his obsequies!
Good friends stand off——whilst I embrace the ground
Whereon he lies—— and bathe each mortal wound,
With brinish tears, that like to torrents run,
From these sad eyes, oh Heavens! I'm undone.

(*Falls down on the body.*

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Enter Sir Charles Godfrey. He raises her.

Sir Char. Why do these precious eyes like fountains flow,
To drown the radiant Heaven that lies below,
Dry up your tears, I trust his soul ere this,
Has reached the mansions of eternal bliss,
Soldiers—bear hence the body out of sight.

(*They bear him off.*

Jem. Oh stay—ye murderers, cease to kill me quite:
See how he glares!——and see again he flies!
The clouds fly open, and he mounts the skies.
Oh! see his blood, it shines refulgent bright,
I see him yet——I cannot lose him quite,
But still pursue him on—and lose my sight.

Sir Char. Patience, my soul, dispel these gushing tears,
For see your Godfrey by your side appears.

Jem. 'Tis true thy sight is at this fatal time,
Welcome as rain upon a sun-burned clime:
But oh! my grief, I need no more disclose,
You see the mangled cause of all my woes.

Sir Char. I saw him plain, but that is no cause at all,
For though he died he did with honor fall.
Though like the sun when darkened by a cloud,
You for a while your beauteous beams do shroud,
Yet, when the' eclipse is past the darkness o'er,
You shine much brighter than you did before,
Thou fair Diana!—retire with me this way,
View there our army drawn in pomp array,
Amidst their ranks, inspired by you I'll fly,
So underneath thy banners bravely die;
But should I fall beneath the force of arms,
Let no proud victor dare to share your charms.
Rather first find me welt'ring with the slain,
Let thy blood too, like dew, enrich the plain,
To mix with mine in one united stream.

End of the Second Act. (*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE 1

Scene changes to the English Camp.

Drums beat within, the English grenadiers march. *Enter Colonel Hewert, and Colonel Earles, with their swords drawn. Colonel Earles sings:*

March on brave boys, make good your ground,
Let all our sprightly trumpets sound
To arms, and we will confound
Those foes to the revolution.

Great Mars the monarch of the field,
In shining pomp with sword and shield,
Shall lead us on and make them yield,
To the glorious revolution.
Our rattling guns like peals of thunder,
Shall fill the foe with fear and wonder,
To keep the Pope and Devil under,
And support the revolution.
May Britian's sons the battle try,
To make these tim'rous bug-bears fly;
Then let each loyal subject cry,
Success to the revolution.
Long live great William! may he reign,
To curb the pride of France and Spain,
And with his conquering sword maintain,
The pompous revolution.
Thus far our arms victoriously proceed,
By whose great force our [illegible] must be freed,
For see, my Herbert, now the day is come,
That British arms shall triumph over Rome;
Their priesthood shall again the gods exclaim,
For in their camp confusion seems to reign.
Her. It does; we shall defeat them, and may
In the defence of England's honor die;
Fired with such glory, let us meet the toil,
And cultivate with blood the [illegible];
Maintain our ground, nor give an inch away,
Though death and hell stood gaping in the way. (*Ext.*
A table and chairs are set: flourish of trumpets within.
Enter at several doors, Generals Ginckle, Ruvigny, Talmash, Mackey, and Colonel Herbert.
Herb. Defend great Ginckle, ye Gods and may
His mighty sword redeem our laws to-day.
Gin. Hail mighty Britons! we appeal to you,
Whether or no we must the fight pursue;
I hold it best for to encamp to-night,
And so fall on them by the morning light;
But let us sit down here and first debate
Of proper means to poise the scale of fate.
(*They all sit down.*
Now I present, great heroes, to your view,
The plain of Aughrim which my gunner drew.
(*Shews a Map.*
That to a hair their posture does describe,
And shows their camp as it is fortified.
Here, my brave soldiers, you may plainly see,
(*Pointing to the Map.*

Their right extended all to Urachree,
Their left and center do two miles contain,
Extending o'er the well surrounded plain.
Europe can't show a spot thus fortified
With rivers, hills, and bogs on every side:
Then speak, my lords, pronounce your thoughts on sight,
Shall we decline it, or renew the fight?

Herb. My lords, my plan was ever to pursue,
And with our utmost force the fight renew;
Hazard was still in glory of the great;
Then let us fight, so shall we extirpate
Those purple slaves who would our faith devour
With bloody zeal, and cond priestly power,
Subvert our laws, and make a nation bleed,
Then think they merit Heaven for their deed;
Let thoughts like these your noble minds enflame,
To add fresh laurels to great William's name;
Relieve your brethren, and with fame subdue
Rome's wooden idols, and their monkish crew,
Those vile oppressors of our sacred laws;
Then side with me, and Heaven will join our cause.

Ruv. There now, brave Herbert, you have touched it right;
But yet consider the powers we have to fight,
For, by the accounts that we have lately seen,
They're five-and-twenty thousand, we eighteen;
A desperate odds, my friends, besides the ground
With forts and breast-works is beleaguered round,
A bog secures the van, a rivulet behind,
Besides the advantage of the sun and wind.
Weigh all this well, then you will plainly see,
If we engage we fight them one to three.

Gine. Send for our tents, then will we lie all night,
Encamped along the valley in their sight:
That when the sable night shall pass away,
And Sol's fair chariot usher out the day,
When the faint waning moon shall be o'errun,
Then we'll attack them by the morning sun;
So Heaven, great Heaven, shall be divinely kind,
To drive our foes like chaff before the wind.

Enter Colonel Earles.

Ear. My Lord, this moment as I firmly stood,
Lodged in my post, near the adjoining wood,
A herald from the Irish camp is come
With some demand—his name is Dorrington.

(*Exit Earles.*

Ginc. Conduct him here—what can his message be?
Will they draw off and leave the country free?
It may be so—but see th' embassage comes—

Re-enter Colonel Earles and Dorrington.

Dor. St. Ruth, whose days be many, greeting sends,
To General Gincle and his potent friends.
Ginc. His name we honor, but your message speak.
Dor. St. Ruth by me these just demands doth make:
That first you would your heresies forsake,
The Prince of Orange and his claim disown,
And fix your lawful monarch on his throne;
Disband your legions, and with speed become,
Submissive liege-men to the see of Rome.
My lord when this is done the slaughter ends,
Then shall brave Gincle and St. Ruth be friends;
Which if you do, my lord, you do well.
Ginc. I scorn his friendship as the flames of hell,
Tell him from me his friendship I defy,
My troops are brave and on them I rely;
Not Spartan Cleomenes could do more,
For Macedonians in the days of yore,
My British soldiers led by brave commanders,
In glory shall eclipse your Alexanders.
Then haste and let your haughty Monsieur know,
By me he meets a total overthrow.
This day Hibernia's fortune shall be tried,
Whilst war and bloodshed shall the cause decide,
Then shall my English handful surely free
This famous isle from Romish tyranny.
Dor. My lord, consider—and be timely wise,
My master's proffered friendship don't despise,
Lest you be forced too soon to bend to fate,
And curse your rashness when it is too late.
Gin. Leave that, thou proud Hibernian, if you dare,
To the decision of a desperate war:
Tell him from me once more—that, on the plain,
Nassau's undoubted right we will maintain:
To-day great William's arm shall meet renown,
Whilst circling laurels shall adorn his crown.
Dor. My lord, I take my leave, but yet ere night,
You'll curse your rashness and decline the fight.
(*Exit Dorrington.*

Herb. There spoke a Tamerlane—but rise, my lords,
Renew the fight, and with our well tried swords
Attack the foe, and don't defer the fight,
Lest they march off unpunished in the night.

Gods! shall true Britons tamely hold their hands
To sit like slaves, and hear such bold demands?
It cannot be—dispel these causeless fears,
Strive to retrieve the fame of former years:
Think how our Henry taught proud France to yield
At Agincourt, and bravely won the field;
Then shall not we his glorious deeds pursue,
And sword in hand, the insulting foes subdue?

Mack. As Herbert says—so let us straight proceed,
By force of war to make whole thousands bleed.
Loiter no longer but on St. Ruth's right
Let our brave soldiers, with a dreadful flight
Of leaden balls begin the mortal fight:
Which if they do, my lords, the Irish then
From Aughrim castle will detach their men,
So when that way shall be of the guards bereft,
Our right may pass and so attack the left.

Gin. Agreed, brave English, let our cannon play,
Whose aspiring smoke shall overcast the day:
There let your useless staff of honor lie,
(*They throw down their trundheons.*
For on our swords the battle does rely.
They all draw.
Each to his post and see that it be fought
With matchless courage as by Britons ought.
On every side our George's Cross display,
And die each man, or else redeem the day.
Protect us Heaven, in thee alone we trust,
Prosper our arms as this our cause is just.
Plant thy true word once more in this poor isle,
Shield it from them who would thy faith defile,
Now my brave friends, let us the combat try,
No task is left us now, but how to die.
Then let us fall with glory ere we yield,
Or with a sea of blood deluge the field.
(*Exeunt generally.*

Trumpets sound a charge. Enter Lucinda.

Lucinda. O stay, my Herbert, I conjure you stay.

Re-enter Herbert.

Herb. What would my ever fair Lucinda say?

Lucin. Oh! don't engage to-day, I thee desire,
Last night methought I saw you wrapt in fire,
All clad in flames, while Angels did surround
Your lovely form, and bore thee off the ground,
Then I beheld thee as a cherub rise,
And soar aloft to the celestial skies.

Herb. What means my good? What signifies thy dream?
It but portends I shall be crowned with fame.
Hark—Now the glorious battle is begun,
And thundering cannon do eclipse the sun:
The trumpet's [illegible] to the fight,
Adiue, my fairest orb, my soul's delight,
I must not be by woman's counsel swayed,
For love and honor both must be obeyed.

Lucin. Be not too rash my Herbert, but allay,
My growing fears, and do not fight to-day.
Had Cæsar listened to Calphurnia's dream,
At Pompey's statue he had never been slain;
The mariner he ploughs the foaming seas,
And from his barque the pleasant land surveys,
He leaps with joy, and to his comfort sees,
The pregnant banks all over-spread with trees;
Then as he strives to enter with the tide,
A rock, unseen, his vessel does divide;
So ere he can the happy port attain,
He's swallowed with his cargo in the main.

Herb. Cheer up my soul, no danger can I fear,
Our pilots from the rocks will keep us clear,
You see the flowers like to babes just born,
Dart from their blossoms in the welcome morn,
But when the joyful day is spent and done,
They close their pride and mourn the absent sun,
Then cease your fears, no longer can I stay,
My country calls and honor must obey.

Luc. Then will you go, my dearest soul! oh how
Are those joys fled that flattered me but now:
Where are the pleasant joys and fond delight
That with sweet rapture crowned my bridal night?
Where are the [illegible] of love and charms,
When Heaven itself I thought was in my arms?
Oh! are they vanished now, and will you fly,
To meet your fate and without pity die?
Which if you do, this Amazonian hand,
Shall pierce my heart, and all my woes disband.

Herb. Speak not of death, but rather view yon hill;
From whose fair side sweet waters do distil,
Its pleasant verdant brow doth so invite,
That you would sit down there and view the fight.
Banish your fears my love and come away,
And from that grass you may with ease survey,
How Britian's genius shall with glory rise,
To reach with joy and pomp the applauding skies.

(*Exeunt.*

Drums within

Enter Generals Gi[illegible], Ma[illegible] and Colonel Herbert, with their [illegible].

Gin. 'Tis now past five, and we have just begun
To join the battle by a signal gun;
No slackness can be found on either side.
For through the air death does in thick rise:
Our men with intrepidity advance,
'Midst showers of balls contemn the r[illegible] of France.
Our left have passed the bog, and now aspire
To gain more ground in spite of all their fire.

Mack. But here, my lord, I have observe[illegible] in spite
Of all their force, our left subdue thei[illegible];
For I survey how they their [illegible]
And fill the ground where several hundr[illegible]
With undaunted bravery, the [illegible] stood.
And from their right bo[illegible] command.
Now should we hold of this advantage lay
And march our foot across the narrow way,
There post themselves in order to oppose
The main battalion of the sinking foes.

Ginc. Be that committed to brave Herbert's care,
The martial orb of Briton's hemisphere.
With these battalions let our fame be shown,
Dreighton's, Earles', Brewer's and your own.
Attempt the bog, and [illegible] your ground maintained,
Until with forces you [illegible]

Herb. My lord no further glory do I ask,
But meet with pleasure so renowned a task;
The great command with extacy embrace,
Though death and [illegible] me in the face. (*Exit.*

Gin. Here we embrace my friends, as heretofore
Brethren have parted, never [illegible]
Or as two friends, [illegible]
Their vessel severed on the raging sea;
Each gets a plank, and his companion leaves,
To the wild mercy of the raging waves;
As long as possible hi[illegible]
Each forced at last, a[illegible]
One sinks while t'oth[illegible] what is
There mourns his [illegible]
past. (*Exeunt.*

(*Trumpets within.*)

End of the Third A[illegible]

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

SCENE.--*The plain of Aughrim between both Armies at six in the Evening.*

(Trumpets within.)

Enter St. Ruth and Sarsfield, their swords drawn.

St. Ruth. Fortune seems doubtful yet she won't decide
The victory, but favors either side:
Strict to their charge our soldiers stand their ground,
Whilst Mars in pomp surveys the battle round,
Rules all the field like an imperial God,
To scourge these Brittons with his martial rod.

Sars. View how the foe like an impetuous flood,
Breaks through the smoke, the water and the mud.
They'll scarcely pass the bog and then contemn
The puissant-power of you and all your men:
Nor all the great habiliments of war,
Nor walls of brass their passage can debar;
Or should your legions of their numbers kill,
Leave but a few alive they'll rally still.

St. Ruth. By Heav'ns they're brave! 'tis pity they should be
Exposed to hazard, death and massacre.
Heroes they are, my lord; and as I live,
Were they not heretics, I would forgive:
But yet our holy church doth so command
That we must root such miscreants from the land.
Oh! let us then our soldiers animate,
To be courageous, and their foes defeat.

Enter Gen. Dorrington, with his sword drawn.

Dor. Aughrim is ours, brave general Hostile's dead,
Who even now lord Portland's horse did head,
He that ere now triumphant ruled the plain,
On a proud steed that did the bit disdain,
Drove all before him till a lucky ball,
Shot with good aim from off the castle wall,
Clove up his skull, and with the mortal wound,
I saw him fall and bloody on the ground.

St. Ruth. Thanks to the gods--and all the sacred powers,
Heaven now is just, and Aughrim shall be ours,
Now conquest chirups in the liquid air,
They fly, pursue, and charge them in the rear.

(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene opens, and several soldiers enter as running away, with them Col. Earles.

Earles. Oh--stand and bravely perish ere you fly,
For at the worst, brave souls, we can but die.

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Then bravely stand your ground, and scorn to flinch,
But if they conquer sell them every inch.

Enter Gen. Talmach, his sword drawn.

Tal. Stand, cowards, stand, and yet redeem the day;
No hopes are left you if you run away!
Oh——stand your ground—for shame maintain the field,
Must Britian's glorious sons a conquest yield?
If so, alone I will the battle try,
And in defence of England's honor die.

Earles. Bravely relieved, and succored just in time,
When Britian's cause was ready to decline;
Herbert is taken prisoner, and conveyed
Back to the foe—in spite of all our aid;
Twice we retook the hero, but, at length
They took him from us with their utmost strength.
We being severed, Herbert in the throng
Waved his great arm as he shot along,
And O, he said, brave friends be noble still,
And in so just a cause whole legions kill.

Talb. Is he then lost? oh, my renowned friends,
Rally again, and here their conquest ends;
Renew the charge, then shall you surely see,
We'll gain the glory if you follow me;
I'll you lead on and yet redeem the day,
Though squadrons of devils stood to thwart my way.

(*Exeunt.*

Soldiers shouting, enter Gincle, Mackey and Ruvigny.

Ginc. Routed!—confusion!—See, our centre runs,
Driven by the foe just even with our guns,
Which rendered useless in the worst of times,
I fear the battle with the day declines.
Never till now could Irishmen maintain
A fight so bloody——on a woll fought plain;
But let us yet advance, then will you find,
They'll fly like atoms severed with the wind,
So on the east, at the approach of day,
The sun dispels the sable clouds away.

Mack. Yonder, my lord amidst the throng appears,
A gallant youth but tender yet in years;
His heroic actions shine amidst the fight,
For in their host no hero seems so bright.
I marked him well, in all his martial pride,
Whilst by his sword several of our soldiers died.
Curse on the stripling——may I never fall
Till with this sword I make him pay for all.

Rung. My lords, I hold it best that now on sight,
You detach brave Sir John Lanier from the right,

And with precipitation on the left,
Assist our foot, of succor now bereft:
Shall we retreat, and with confusion run
From all the mighty conquests we have won?
Avert the thought—and let it ne'er be said
That from so great an enterprise we fled,
To sell our holy faith, and this poor isle,
To those poor slaves, who would the land defile;
Forbid it Heaven! Shall Britians yield
Their necks to bondage and desert the field?
No, rather first let's study to be brave,
And fall with honor since we cannot save.

Enter Colonel Earles.

Earles. For ever hail to the auspicious day!
Now fate is kind, the haughty foe gives way;
Our foot has rallied, and the shock maintained,
And bravely have their former ground regained.
Fire answers fire, and Jupiter may now
Decline his thunder, and this once allow
In vain his light'ning issues from the sky;
For death more sure from British ensigns fly,
Their messengers of death much blood have spilled,
And full three hundred of the Irish killed.

Ginc. Then loiter not, my lords, but at head,
Of our now scattered troops who lately fled,
Renew the charge and range the battle round,
Attack them close; and since they once give ground,
We'll ply them home, nor give an inch away,
Then shall we gain the conquest of the day. (*Exeunt.*

Kettle drums and trumpets. Enter Dorrington, O'Neil, and several soldiers hauling in Colonel Herbert as a prisoner, who seems to make resistance.

Dor. Yield Colonel, yield, nor from our friendship fly,
Since now no hope of succor can be nigh,
Submit yourself for shame, nor thus upbraid,
You are my vassal, since a pris'ner made.

Herb. Forbear to insult, thou proud Hibernian wasp,
I thought to have met you with a warmer grasp;
When all the war rankled in its dread array,
Stood the blind fortune of this doubtful day:
When bloody colors waved in their pride,
And each proud hero did his beast bestride,
When the loud trumpets, with their shrill alarms,
Made woods resound, and summoned all to arms;
When soldiers marshalled, did the signal wait,
And stood in order to attend their fate;

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'Twas then I marked thy bloody plume afar,
Hearing before your mighty deeds of war,
I, for a while your person could discern,
And wished to meet you singly arm to arm;
But now I see that war's uncertain scale,
O'erweighed by force, has made your sword prevail.
Yet know, proud victor, tho' a captive ta'en,
My liberty my brethren shall regain.

Enter St. Ruth.

St. Ruth. Fly to your post, be now or never brave,
Nor waste your glory with a captive slave;
Our camp is now almost beleagued round,
Though twice repulsed the haughty foe gains ground.
But yet be brave, defeat them once again,
They'll yield the battle, and desert the plain,

Herb. 'Tis false as hell, your efforts they'll detest,
No dastard thought can rule a Briton's breast,
My gallant countrymen disdain to fly,
But fall with honor first and choose to die.

St. Ruth. Bear hence that captive scellum from my sight.
Lodge him secure, and then pursue the fight:
This is no time to lose, when in their pride,
The enemy appears on every side.

(*Exit Dorrington, O'Neil, and Herbert.*

St. Ruth solus.

Bode well, my heart, this prisoner shall not live,
One minute's respite more I will not give;
His friend comes on, and at the last, I fear
He may be rescued from us, and get clear;
Then would he drown whole squadrons in their gore,
And be more desperate than he was before.
I'll hinder that, by heaven he surely dies,
And to my fury falls a sacrifice.

(*Exit with kettle-drums and trumpets.*

The scene opens, and discovers Col. Herbert lying bleeding, he crawls forward to the middle of the stage.

Herb. Wounded to death, but yet my heart won't break,
Though I retain scarce power enough to speak,
My butchers are returned to the fight,
Yet had not mercy left to kill me quite.
Almighty Heaven! victorious William bless,
And ever crown his armies with success,
May laurels ever-green adorn his crown,
And may his arm throw Popish altars down:
Long may he reign, to shield this famous land

From Monkish powers, with a righteous hand :
And when he dies, let glorious Denmark come,
With his great Ann to guard the British throne.
Grant this, ye gods ! and oh, ye powers divine !
Protect the illustrious Hanoverian line ;
May the great race of heroes rule the throne,
Be famed in war, and conquer worlds unknown.
Hear this, O Lord of mercy, I beseech ;
Fain would I say more—but death just stops my spe
Forgive my murderers, as I freely do,
Even from my soul, so wretched world adieu. (D

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, his sword drawn, speak
to some within.

Rally again, nor timorously stand,
Aw'd thus through fear, but charge them sword in han
Follow them briskly through nether stream,
Then ply them close—but ha ! what can this mean ?
(*Sees Herbe*
Here's murder sure committed, nothing less ;
He seems a noble Briton by his dress,
A stately person decked with modest air,
And on his finger does a signet bear.
(*Views the ring*
Oh Heavens ! the sight my conscious soul alarms,
This ring portrays the brave Lord Pembroke's arms.
This is my brother Herbert, now I know,
Damnation be his doom who gave the blow :
Oh my brave Herbert, there he murdered lies,
Grim death and treason closed the hero's eyes,
But I'll take vengeance for his wrongs to-day.
And blood for blood the traitors shall repay.
As he offers to go off, he is met by a ghost, who approaches him three several times, each time he falls back, then speaks
What art thou ? Speak ! a fury, devil or ghost ?
Nay, be the second I need you most.
Or have you left a bright celestial throne
To take just vengeance—vengeance not your own ?
Or are you from th'eternal abyss fled,
To search for vengeance on a murd'rer's head ?
Stand not amazed—see there brave Herbert lies,
Murdered and slaughtered- Oh ! I'll sacrifice
A thousand Romish souls, who shocked with woe,
Shall, bound in shackles, fill the shades below.
Ghost. Be not so rash, wild youth, forbear, forbear,
You judge me wrong, for when I breathed the air,

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Here on this earth, I was your father then.
But I was butchered by the worst of men.
They butchered, then hid me under ground,
And to convince your eyes, behold the ghastly wound.
(*Shews his breast.*

Sir Char. O Heavens! my father, behold thus low,
I bend my body, and my duty show.

Ghost. Stand off, and touch me not, for fear that I
Vanish away and from your presence fly;
But mark my words, the whistling winds do sing,
How prompt by love you fought against your king,
And how you would your country expiate;
I hovered down to let you know your fate.

Sir Char. Could such vain trifling thoughts as these entice
A ghost for to abandon paradise,
Answer me this, if it be no offence,
When thou'rt at rest where is thy residence,
For mortal men on earth are prone to say,
Were ghosts in heaven in heaven they there would stay,
Or if in hell, they could not get away.

Ghost. Where visions rest, our souls imprisoned dwell,
By Heaven's command, we are forbid to tell,
But in the obscure grave, where corps decay,
Moulder in dust and putrify away,
No rest is there, for the immortal soul
Takes its full flight and flutters round the pole;
Sometimes I hover over the Euxine sea,
From pole to sphere, until the judgment-day;
Over the Thracian Bosphorus do I float,
And pass the Stygian lake in Charon's boat,
O'er Vulcan's firey court, and a sulph'rous cave,
And ride like Neptune on a briny wave,
List to the blowing noise of Etna's flames,
And court the shades of Amazonian dames:
Then take my flight to the gleamy moon,
Thus do I wonder till the day of doom.
Proceed I dare not, or I would unfold
A horrid tale would make your blood run cold,
Chill all your nerves and sinews in a trice,
Like whispering rivulets congealed to ice.

Sir Char. Ere you depart me, ghost, I here demand,
You'd let me know your last divine command.

Ghost. Then mark———
My wandering shadow destitute of breath,
Is now compelled to walk the orbed earth,

and hover down this good advice to bring,
That you would aid your pious lawful king.
Join not those vile oppressors' cause,
Who slew thy father in contempt of laws:
But mind me well, the gods do so devise,
That in this fight you fall a sacrifice:
Then join the British hosts, and scorn for shame,
To throw so vile an action on your name;
Rouse up your native honor to your aid,
In William's right apply your trusty blade,
Show your achievements and the foe defy,
Then fall with honor since you're doomed to die.
I'll hover o'er the fields till joined by you,
'Till then, my son, farewell—adieu—adieu. (*Vanish*
Sir Char. Gone, and forsook me! thus what can I do
Love bids me stay, and glory cries pursue;
Which must I follow? here I cannot stay,
The sacred vision said I must obey
Its strict commands—then by this British hand,
I'll never more decline my native land,
But join my countrymen, and yet proclaim,
Nassau's great title to the crimson plain.
Enter Sarsfield and Dorrington, their swords drawn.
Sars. Haste, noble Knight, till we the charge sustain,
Full fifteen hundred of our foot are slain,
The British fire-balls some few tents have burned,
And one large battery on ourselves is turned;
Now, gallant youth, or never, try your force.
Sir Char. By Heavens! I'll stir not, was it ten times worse!
Long let them prosper, nor retire from hence,
Till you atone for murder'd innocence.
Sars. As Heaven is witness, or the conscious sun,
I knew not of it, till the fact was done;
I never could with such an act comply
As wilful murder.
Dor. By the gods, nor I!
Enter St. Ruth.
St. Ruth. Courage my thrice renowned friends, for now
Shall laurels bind each conquering victor's brow;
Once more the English infantry retreats,
Pursue, we'll drive them back to Dublin gates,
Fall on, my friends, a furious havoc make,
Hew down whole cohorts but their Gincle take;
Then as a terror to the following age,
Like Bajazet I'll bind him in a cage.
End of the Fourth Act. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE 1.

SCENE.—*The hill of Kilcommodon.*

Enter Sarsfield and O'Neil, their swords drawn.

Sarsfield. Aughrim is now no more, St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled;
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon ball;
With him our lives and fortunes all decay,
For now the unthinking cowards fall away.

O'Neil. Hope now is vain, no succor can be found,
And death displays his sable flag around;
But yet forbear too soon to yield to fate,
Nor sell our lives at an ignoble rate;
Here let us stand, and here attend our falls,
As once Rome's senate waited for the Gauls.

Sars. O, my O'Neil, thou partner of my breast,
Thus share my love, (*Embraces.*) for now my heart's at rest;
Death is now welcome since I have a friend,
And one like you on whom I may depend;
The cheerful pelicans with vigor stood,
To pierce their breasts and feed their young with blood;
So shall this sword unsluice each azure vein,
To let forth blood to feed the tragic plain.

O'Neil. Oh, name not that, my Lord, withstand their powers,
To sell this spot, which only now is ours;
Who falls with glory, annals do allow,
Share equal laurels with the victor's brow.

Enter Dorrington, his sword drawn.

Dor. Haste noble friends, and save your lives by flight,
For 'tis out madness if you stand to fight;
Our cavalry the battle have forsook,
And death appears in each dejected look,
Nothing but dread confusion can be seen,
For severed heads and trunks o'erspread the green;
The fields, the vales, the hills and vanquished plain,
For five miles round are covered with the slain;
Death in each quarter does the eye alarm,
Here lies a leg, and there a shattered arm.
There heads appear which cloven by mighty bangs,
And severed quite, on either shoulder hangs,
This is the awful scene, my lords! oh fly
The impending danger, for your fate is nigh.

Sars. Oh spare the tale, my friend, nor let me hear
A sound so harsh, ill sounding to my ear;

Shall I start back at death, and then with shame
Be ever branded with a coward's name,
Blast all my conquests through a damned disgrace,
Nor dare to look a soldier in the face;
Then beg for charity and seek relief,
Like Hannibal the Carthagenian chief,
Who when by Scipio he was overthrown,
He fled to Africa like a vagabond;
Clothed as a slave, dejected and obscure,
He wandered all alone from door to door:
Then shall an Irish soul submit like him,
To forfeit honor and renounce a king?
No—here will I stand, and meriting applause,
Die all alone, if none will join my cause.

Dor. My lord forbear, let not a thought so vain,
Within a brave Hibernian's bosom reign;
Your life will not for liberty atone,
Limerick and Galway are as yet our own;
Then waste not time, but now to Limerick fly,
From whose great walls we may the foe defy.
Here hope is lost; for upon my truth,
Sir Charles Godfrey, that trait'rous youth,
Has taken part with the prevailing crew,
And to destruction does our hosts pursue.

O'Neil. Curse on his soul! oh may I ne'er depart,
Till with this sword I reach the traitor's heart.

Enter some soldiers bearing St. Ruth, bloody, on their shoulders, they lay him on the stage, and throw a cloak over the body.

Sars. There let him lie like Pompey in his gore,
Whose hero's blood encircled the Egyptian shore.
There lies the man whose deeds shall ever shine,
In Flanders, France, and all along the Rhine;
But here through rashness he eclipsed them all,
And by his folly wrought Hibernia's fall,
Oh Heavens! can nature bear the shocking sound
Of death or slavery on our native ground?
Why was I nurtured of a noble race,
And taught to stare destruction in the face?
Why was I not laid out an useless shrub,
And formed for some poor hungry peasant's cub,
To hedge and plough, and with unwearied toil,
To cultivate for grain a fertile soil,
To watch my flocks, and range my pastures through,
With all my locks wet with the morning dew,
Rather than being great give up my fame,
And lose the ground I never can regain.

Dor. Forbear victorious sir, and leave the field,
The earth's best generals have been forced to yield.
Victorious Darius was put to flight,
And Paulus fell at Cannæ's bloody fight,
Great Scipio was by Hannibal defeated,
And Regulus from Carthage walls retreated;
The great Goliah was by a shepherd slain,
And Gallic Philip gave up Cressy plain.
These, mighty Sir! were heroes in their time,
That did in hostile feats of arms outshine;
Then cease, my lord, to Limerick fly with speed,
Nor waste a life of which we stand in need,
But serve your country yet, and, void of fear,
At Limerick gates we'll stop their swift career.
Sars. Now stand, my friends, and extirpate your fears,
For there the limits of your fate appears;
But let me first view with a wishful eye,
This once renowned soil from whence we fly:
So Adam, when he was from Eden driven,
He yet looked back to view the promised heaven;
Then with a soul all covered with despair,
He grudged that Paradise he could not share.
(*A flourish of kettle-drums and trumpets within.*)

Enter with their swords drawn, the Generals Talmash, Mackey, and Sir Charles Godfrey, with soldiers.
Tal. Take quarters, gentlemen, and yield on sight,
Or otherwise prepare to fight;
Yet pray take pity on yourselves and yield,
For blood enough has stained the sanguine field;
'Tis Britian's glory, you yourselves can tell,
To use the vanquished hospitably well.
Sars. Urge not a thought proud victor, if you dare,
So far beneath the dignity of war;
I am a peer, and Sarsfield is my name,
And where this sword can reach I dare maintain.
Life I contemn, and death I recommend,
He breathes not vital air, who'd make me bend
My neck to bondage; then proud foe, decline
The length of this, (*shows his sword,*) because the spot is mine.
Tal. If you are Sarsfield, as you bravely show
You're the brave hero whom I longed to know,
Ann wished to thank you on the reeking plain,
For that great feat of blowing up our train:
Then mark, my lord, for what I here contend,
'Tis Britain's holy church I now defend,

Great William's right, and Mary's crown—these three
Sars. Wh·· then fall on, Louis and James for me.
The Irish retreat fighting, pursued by the English off stage.

Enter Jemima veiled.

Jem. Where will my sorrows give me leave to rest?
Oh happy might it be on Godfrey's breast!
My conscious soul should then contemn alarms,
So might I die with pleasure in his arms;
Yet now to find him whither shall I go?
Ye gods! was ever maid reduced so low!
The youth who binds my heart in Cupid's chain
Has broke his vows, or is in battle slain;
But, turtle like I'll to the groves retreat,
There search each drooping branch to find my mate,
For there perchance he has been forced to fly
From certain fate, and bloody tyranny;
But now he comes—the mortal sight I view,
With ghastly looks aud in a bloody hue.

Enter Sir Charles, leaning on his sword, and wounded in several places.

Oh! welcome to my arms, my soul's delight!
(*Embraces.*
But Heaven! my heart bleeds inward at the sight,
To see the youth I loved thus bathed in gore,
Curse on my stars, for Heaven can do no more.
Sir Char. Oh my Jemina! for thou once wert so,
Oh look not on me, nor one glance bestow,
For know, thou fair angelic heavenly maid,
I'm perjured, damn'd, and have my love betrayed,
The scorn of mankind ever let me be,
Nor let bright heaven shine on a wretch like me;
Oh look not down with those refulgent eyes,
On a curs'd slave like me who lingering dies,
But rather drive me from your charming sight,
Aud blot me out from your remembrance quite.
Jem. Spare the sad tale, I cannot bear the rest,
You are not false, for I suppose the best.
Sir Char. As heaven is witness, since the truth I must,
No crocodile was ever more unjust.
I have betrayed thee, oh thou killing fair;
Why does the earth so vile a monster bear?
Earth yawn asunder, leave the centre fair,
And swallow me alive in damn'd despair:
There buried in oblivion lie and rot,
Disdained by heaven and by men forgot,

I'm cursed—and marked by heaven for wronging innocence,
And hell itself must punish the offence;
For bound in shackles I am doomed to go,
To the dark shades of the abyss below;
Amidst the fight I did your cause desert,
With Britian's conquering sons to take a part,
When Heaven whoever does the fair defend,
In justice overtook me in the end:
For as the Britons did their chase pursue,
In the pursuit, with this much blood I drew.
[*Showing his sword.*

Which being viewed by an Hibernian lord,
He rallied back and with a brandished sword,
With furious force my person he assailed,
And his strong genius o'er my sword prevailed,
Then, heaven's fair, your aid I do implore,
To lay me down, and then I'll ask no more.
[*He lets fall his sword, and lies down on the stage.*
My optic nerves grow dim and lose their sight,
And all my veins are now exhausted quite,
Cold sweats bedew my ghastly looking face,
My life ebbs forth, and death comes on apace.
I fain would live to make amends for all,
But cannot—adieu, my soul! you see your Godfrey fall.
[*Dies.*

Jem. There fell as brave a youth with fame inspired,
As ever yet a virgin's bosom fired;
But sure his ghost will not be so unkind,
To soar to heaven and leave me here behind.
No, it is just ye gods, it cannot be,
He hovers on the wing, and waits for me,
But shall not long, this ends the mortal sirife:
[*Takes up his sword.*
This puts a period to my worthless life;
Then after all my anguish, grief and pain,
In Heaven, my love, we'll surely meet again,
Witness, ye Gods! Jemina still was true,
And see what love can make a virgin do.
Let fair Hibernia's latest annals tell,
That, by the force of love Jemina fell;
This to my heart, so wretched world farewell!
[*Stabs herself and dies.*

Enter General Gincie, Marquis Ruvigny, with soldier. and an officer, with colors and drums beating.

Gin. May all the gods th' auspicious evening bless,
That crowns Great Britian's arms with such success,

There let our colors rule the vanquished plain,
As mighty emblems of Britania's fame.
How came this lady here amongst the dead?
Some virtuous maid, who for her lover bled.
Soldiers, bear hence these bodies from this place;
(*They bear off the bo*
And, officer, haste to bid the slaughter cease.
(*Exit off*
My brave Ruvigny, to you I must ascribe
This glorious conquest, for on every side
Thy noble presence was to animate,
And bravely poise the scale of Britian's fate.
Ruv. O spare the speech, my lord, and do not raise
Your tongue too lavish in your servant's praise;
For when our host seemed ready to despair,
Some Enniskillen forces joined our rear,
Who as brave souls the mighty shock sustained,
And vig'rously our former post regained.
Enter Talmash and Mackay, with soldiers, le ding Dorrington and O'Neil as prisoners.
Gin. Speak, gallant soldiers, is the country clear?
Have we no foes nor ambuscades to fear?
Tal. Not one, my lord, save what are pris'ners ta'c
No Irishman does near our camp remain,
To a large bog their foot have took their way,
And all their horse are fled towards Loughrea:
These men, my lord, as from the chase we came,
We found them welt'ring with the heaps of slain.
Gin. Hail, mighty Dorrington, thus low we bow,
Shall we disown the Prince of Orange now?
Must we disband our legions and restore
Your abdicated king to rule once more?
It could not be, I did the act disown,
For mighty William yet enjoys the throne.
Dor. Forbear, my lord, nor thus insult me,
Is this right usage for a captive foe?
Had but St. Ruth survived the tragic fight,
To Dublin gates you would have taken flight,
For know, proud conqueror, by your lordship's leave;
Our soldiers were superior, and as brave.
Gin. Reply no more; here see these prisoners sent,
With a strong guard of soldiers to my tent,
Let them be kept asunder till we learn
How we their marshalled troops may yet disarm.
(*Exit soldiers with Dorrington and O'Neil.*
For by examining it may be found,
How in the morn we may the bog surround.

Tal, There's none remains entire for the night,
Debarred each soldier from his fellow's sight,
And that they might be light, to run more fast,
Their belts and arms and all away they cast.
Four hundred soldiers we have prisoners got,
(*Exit.*

And seven thousand lie dead upon the spot,
Their tents and baggage is our soldiers' spoil,
Shall be free plunder to reward their toil;
This have we gained; by heavens 't is true,
With all their cannon, arms and colors too!
Mack. To let this victory be more signal seen,
Send all their colors to the British queen,
As lasting emblems of their total fall,
To grace, in mighty pomp, Westminster Hall.
Gin. It shall be done; but till the morning light,
Let our fierce soldiers guard the field all night;
Let our small arms, and our thundering cannon,
Proclaim our conquest to the vanquished Shannon,
Let Rome in silence and afflict on weep,
And let our shouts proclaim it to the deep.
Tal. My lord, the muster-master's list does tell,
How many English in this battle fell,
A small account considering what we gain,
Seven hundred wounded and as many slain.
Gin. O wond'rous God, who can the battle guide,
And give a conquest to the weaker side,
Sure thy tremendous hand the battle fought
When England's daring foes were brought to nought.
Now, my brave friends, here to refresh we'll stay,
Then next to Galway bravely post our way,
There on its walls our British flag display;
From thence to Limerick with our forces haste,
And in our march lay forts and castles waste,
With fury make the gates of Limerick quake,
With our dread cannon make its basis shake,
Convert the garrison to England's use,
And by one mighty storm the land reduce.
Now speed ye cherubs, through the liquid air,
To mighty William's court your tidings bear.
Great Heaven once more our conquering army bless,
Let Britain's arms ever meet success;
O'er our poor land thy lasting truth convey,
And guard this Isle we have redeemed to-day
(*Exeunt with drums beating and colors flying.*

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SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Londonderry besieged by the Irish Army.

Conrade de Rosin, Mareschal and General of the Irish Army.
Hamilton, Lieutenant General.
Ramsay, Brigadier General.
Sheldon, a Brigadier General.
Dorrington, Colonel of the Foot-Guards, and Brigadier
Wauhop and Bohan, two Brigadiers.
Clancarty and Sir Neil, two Colonels.
Sir Bryan, the Irish Judge.
Teague, the executioner, to hang and quarter the British Rebels taken prisoners.
Rapparees and attendants.

Defended by Derry Men and English Forces.

Landville, First Governor of Derry.
Baker, called Anthony, Second Governor.
Mitchelburne, called Granade, Third Governor.
Walker, called Evangelist, Commissary of the Stores.
Camil and Mourath, two Colonels.
Forgus, the Town-Major.
Buff and Stepstately, two Aldermen of the City.
Amazon, Letitia, Gertrude, Felicia and Deborah, Female Warriors
Black Jack, the Executioner, to hang and quarter the Irish Rebels taken prisoners.

Trumpets, Drums and Hautboys.

Cartel agreed upon—No exchange of prisoners, but hang and quarter on both sides.

IRELAND PRESERVED;

OR, THE SIEGE

OF LONDONDERRY.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Representing the suburbs of the City on fire.
Enter Granade, knocking at a person of note's door.

GRANADE.

Oh! How are we betrayed, ruined and undone! what will become of these thousands that must now perish by the treachery and wicked designs of some men? It almost distracts me to think what misery and destruction attends this dismal place: Let patience guide me, nor let my thoughts and spirits sink under the intolerable burthen. Oh England, think of this distressed city, and send us timely succor. Oh, thou divine power: let our arms be strong to fight; judge if we fight for any more than our own, or our country's liberty and freedom, and to defend ourselves from those that would destroy us.

Servant opens the door.

Is the governor stirring yet?

SERV. My master was late up last night, with some friends, but will be stirring in a short time.

GRAN. Pray tell him my name is Granade: and that I have brought up the rear of our flying army.

(*Exit Serv.*

Oh, with what ease and quiet do some men sleep when safe and secure and no danger of an enemy's approach, they are certainly friend to them and not to us: We, under this Governor's command and protection, are but accounted enemies both to him and them, and shall be so dealt with; but there is an over-ruling power that knows the secrets of this man's treacherous designs.

Enter the governor in a morning gown. They salute.

GRAN. I am come to this place, sir, from my retreat; the town of Colerain being lost, and the river gained by the enemy. This is the last place of refuge—we must

now apply ourselves to you; for in your good cond and guidance is all our hopes; 'tis on you we must ha all our dependance. Your assistant, the Governor Colerain, next to you in command, is fled, for you to ha the entire management; and we are now as sheep wi out a shepherd.

Gov. You may be assured, I'll take all possible ca both for you and all others concerned, as far as the ci cumstances of our cause require. Pray when did yo see that worthy governor, that you say has left you, an quitted his post?

Gran. Some say he came hither to Derry, to consu with you; some say he is gone to Castledoe, and severa others with him, to take shipping for Scotland; but fo my part, I never saw him since he commanded me to guard the river Ban, which indeed required a greater force. But that which was the hardest, was of taking two of the best companions from me, when I was going on service, which I hear are now in Derry—I hope you will order them to be restored to me again.

Gov. Do you think that Derry requires as good a garrison as Colerain? Those men that were under his management, understand best what was in agitation, and I will part with none. Three thousand choice men are all I will admit into this place, the rest must quarter in the country; but you I have ordered to march this night to Castlefin: you are to take along with you some ammunition, a barrel of powder and some ball: I'll send more forces after you to guard Lifford, which place I leave under your care to defend, that the enemy may gain no advantage.

Gran. A barrel of powder is soon spent when they attack us, which will be in four days at the farthest—but what then must we do for provisions?

Gov. What did you do when the Governor of Colerain posted you on the river Ban? The same you shall have of me.

Gran. That was the loss and ruin of our cause—the river was gained for want of provisions, and a suitable reinforcement; and I find I must be just so served now, and this will be ten times worse; for here they can ford over with horse and foot, and before they could no way get over, but with boats, so that I then had time to make my retreat; and what shall foot do against a body of horse, when we have eleven miles to march before we get to Derry, and no horse to sustain us?

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Gov. It can't be helped, I cannot supply you at this time, and tell you plainly, I have not provisions for a fortnight, for the garrison, although but for three thousand men.

Gran. That neglect is yours, you might have enough, if you would let the country bring it in, and that was the least you could do; but there is still a help of 5000 head of cattle round the town, their owners have left them; and why not provisions for us as well as the enemy?

Gov. 'Tis all carrion meat, and not worth eating, the garrison will not eat it; besides, do you think I will force and seize other men's property?

Gran. 'Tis true, at present it may be coarse meat, but when a hard siege comes we shall be glad to eat the worst bit, and 'tis well if we don't find it so; and for property, if there be any that own the cattle let them take share. I am sure that the enemy will not regard property, and I think we have as good a right as them; I am resolved to have my share. But, sir, I think you have no mind to stay and run the risk of a siege.

Gov. I must stay and give an account to King William, whom I am sworn to be true to, and have accepted his commission; and let them take care not to violate the authority he has given me.

Gran. But pray, sir, consider my circumstances and some thousands more, that are proclaimed rebels to the government, and must undergo the penalties thereof, if we come under the mercy of the enemy: is it not better to fight out manfully than to be hanged like dogs? we are here ten or twelve thousand men, and a body of horse. Call ashore the two English regiments, do you think we are not able to deal with 6 or 7000 Irish?—Let us come together and join in a body, you'll see what work we'll make with them; but now can we do any thing, when you keep your regiments 5, 10, nay 15 miles from one another, and will not let us come together? If you have no provisions, we have the greater cause to fight them; you wrought night and day to get the powder, balls, arms, and other materials into the town, and do you think we can live on powder, or on a lighting match, at the same time not suffer provisions to be bro't into the town:—This can never be for King William's service. My life is at stake, and therefore I must be plain with you.

Gov. You are not to tell me my business; if I do any thing amiss, I am to answer for it, and none else; so I pray, sir, go where I have commanded you, and let me have these passes well defended against the enemy.

GRAN. I am not so young a soldier, but I know what it is to command, and what it is to obey; and I could wish so great a concern as we have in hand were better managed.

Enter Granade and Forgus.

GRAN. Is the regiment ready to march? have you got ammunition?

FORG. All's ready.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Sir, three of your captains were on board at the break of day this morning, with bag and baggaget and took two of your colors with them, they had the governor's pass.

GRAN. Well, it can't be helped; there's preferment for others—but to take my regimental colors with them, which cost ten pounds each, is somewhat unkind. We are in a miserable condition, betrayed on all hands; the Governor, to weaken the ruin and our cause, gives passes to all who come and go, when we are in the face of our enemy,—well if you do survive these miseries that are coming on us, King William ought to reward us well for the hazard, dangers, and cost we be at in his cause.

FORG. This going away is so encouraged by the governor, who allows all officers and others passes, that it discourageth the service, and makes way for the enemy to come and hang us all. Happy is the man that can get on shipboard first. I have observed let a man be ever so zealous for the cause to-day; the next day he's half seas to Scotland—officers of all sorts desert, thousands leave their wives, parents leave their children, parsons desert parishes. Then hey for non-resistance.

Enter an Officer.

GRAN. Gentlemen, you see on all occasions, and in all dangers I have stood by you; so pray stand by me. I was first by King William's authority your Major, and now Commander-in-chief. I came out of England to do my country faithful service, and although but a stranger, you shall see I'll do all things that shall be for our advantage and preservation.

ALL. You are our colonel, major, and captain, and we'll stand by you as long as we have a day to live.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Sir. I come to acquaint you with a sad accident just now happened: taking a walk on the strand, just upon a return of the tide, I heard some shots go off; I hastened with all speed to understand the meaning: com-

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ing up to a boat that lay on the side of the sea, who should I see but Captain Bell of our regiment, lie gasping and speechless, rolling in his blood, and several soldiers plundering the boat; I asked the reason how that gentleman came to be killed. they told me it was they did it, that they had orders for it; they told me likewise that officer that lay dead and one officer more, had hired the boat, and were deserting the garrison, as other officers had done the tide before, with an intent to go on shipboard for England or Scotland, leaving their soldiers to be hanged by the Irish.

GRAN. What a surprising thing this is! wasn't it the other day we took a solemn oath to stand by one another, that we should sacrifice our lives in the cause we had undertaken, and that before the whole regiment, with our swords in our hands? Did not we cause all the soldiers in the regiment to do the like? and this captain to show to all an example of perfidiousness—'tis a judgment, and I'll say no more; let the captain, Mr. Knox, stay and see him decently buried.

SCENE II.—THE IRISH CAMP.

Enter Gen. Hamilton, with a general's staff, Ramsay and Sheldon, Sir Neil, an Irish Judge, and at a distance an ugly fellow, an executioner.

HAM. How fortunate and victorious are our arms since we marched from Dublin! what dread and horror possesses those flying rebels! how from town to town, from mountain to mountain, like untamed beasts possessed with fear, cowardice and destruction! those damned heretics, filled with rebellion and confusion! how they fly before us, and are but as dust before the winds.

SHELD. If any thing saved your credit, 'twas that at Colerain, which gave us a week's diversion.

HAM. But in what condition are they now? where are those ragged rebelly rogues that skulk in every hole and corner? we'll soon catch them and make them a spectacle to the world, as the vilest traitors; as soon as I have taken a view of the army, we'll prepare to march. Sheldon advance your detatchment of horse and dragoons to Derry, and discover the rebels, and observe if they are in motion and send me word.

(*Exeunt Hamilton and Sheldon.*

RAM. The navigable river that lies between us and Derry is of great advantage to the rebels, for I am in- [illegible] a circuit round Strabane,

and the river to cross. Damned, and ten times damned are those rebels, my countrymen, ignorant to the highest degree, infatuated and devoid of reason: they deserve not the least mercy or pity. To see how their chief men leave them, refusing any longer to be concerned, endeavoring by flight to get to England and Scotland, to escape the haltar; but these remaining have an itching desire to be noosed, to handsel the three legged tree at Derry. Come Sir Neil, (clapping him on the back,) your friend the judge will in four or five days take them into execution: an Irish jury and a good strong gallows will quickly dispatch them; but will there be ropes enough?

Sir Neil. We must hang them after my country fashion, with gads; you call them in your country withs; 2 pence a rope to each rebel, will be too much expense, we can get a hundred gads for a groat. I shall never forget old chancellor Jefferies. without favor or affection he trussed them up in scores. We don't do your country justice if we do not make the north of Ireland ten times bloodier than Jefferies made the west of England; I got money, and I'll get some. Four or five hundred gads in the day, will do the turn. Where are your estates, Mr. Englishman, your estates in the four provinces of Leinster, Munster, Ulster and Connaught? No by my faith, Jack Englishman, 'tis on the gallows.—Now those that are run to Derry, the offspring of the English, that have kept our lands from us, and have been tyrants to our countrymen, will make their exit out of this kingdom with a rope. It makes me laugh heartily, ha, ha—Twelve years conquering Ireland, with so much English treasure! pay them off with the gallows, rogues, English dogs, Scotch rebels!

Enter Wauchop and Bohan.

Ram. Sir Neil, you are very merry this morning, 'tis true I am of your opinion, they all deserve to be hanged, and hope to see the most of them trussed up. To be twice, thrice our number and always show us their backsides, never their faces, but a little over the rampart of Colerain! But in what condition are they now? where are those English heretics? let us now see if they dare tie lord Tyrconnel's proclamation to the dog's tail, and whip him through the streets.

Wa. We had an account yesterday of the enemy's burning all on this side of the river of Derry, and that it was the governor's command to burn the suburbs.

Boh. Our last intelligence gives us an account that the rebels were in great consternation, their chief officers

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discouraged by the mismanagement of the governor, are fled; and that they have not fifteen days provision in town, and all unnecessary mouths were turned out, which will facilitate our enterprise, and make our approach easy.

JUDGE. I did not care how soon; I wish the town was in our possession, that I might go back. I am of opinion that very few of them can plead not guilty; so of necessity they must take a walk to the gallows, for our countrymen, our Irish jury, will have as little mercy on them as they had on us when they had the power; they hanged many of our relations the last war.

SIR NEIL. Teague, Teague, hear me Teague.

(*Calls to the executioner that stands at a distance.*

TEA. Fat will you be after speaking of some thing?

NEIL. What quantity of gads canst thou and thy brother make in a day?

TEAG. Sir, we can be after making wid de help of de five (*holding up his five fingers*) arrah joy fat do you call it?

SIR NEIL. Five score.

TEAG. More, more.

SIR NEIL. Five hundred.

TEAG. Ay, ay, dad be de five hundred.

SIR NEIL. Shall they be good?

TEAG. Ay fait, hang twenty, one after de oder, and dad plashes myself very well, to make dem hang up de Englishmans.

SIR NEIL. Teague get all thy tools ready, and in about a week thy trade will begin. My lord judge we attend you.

Your English customs shall no more prevail,
And gads instead of ropes do never fail;
Our horses shall again plough by the tail. (*Exit.*

Scene changes to the city burning.

Enter Anthony, Evangelist and Camil.

ANT. And did you observe how with multitudes the walls were filled, when the Irish army on the other side of the river, in formed troops of horse and foot, in warlike order marched trumpets and kettle-drums threatening destruction to our town?

CAM. After a while our governor, as one not in the least concerned, saw and viewed the formidable army from the front to rear.

EVAN. We plainly saw the Irish army—but where is ours, in what warlike posture do they appear? 'tis now high time we should think to make a defence, to oppose the merciless enemy, for we are on the brink of ruin and destruction.

ANT. If not ere Monday next prevented, which is but five days, the enemy will be before the walls of Derry.

CAM. The reason there is no more preparation, and our forces not drawn together, is a great mystery; notwithstanding, we look upon our governor as a man of great experience, and conduct and resolution not inferior to Lieu. Gen. Hamilton.

EVAN. That is so much the worse, if he should not prove true to the cause, for I can assure you there is much notice taken of his dilatory proceeding; he does not at all answer the character most people give him—But what forces have we at Lifford, Claudy and Castlefin, to divert the enemy? for certainly they'll be upon us in a very short time, they take advantage of our slackness.

CAM. None but our worthy friend Granade. The governor talks of sending strong parties to his assistance, but I do not hear of any that are gone: he throngs the town with three or four thousand men, when they ought to be there. two very sorry regiments marched last night, most of them pike-men, not fit at all to engage an army.

ANT. Granade is a staunch man to the cause, and understands the management of it best; I do command the governor to send one he can trust, provided he sends him a sufficient reinforcement.

CAM But pray why is not the governor there himself to rectify matters? why sends he not all his strength to maintain the river against the enemy? why must our forces lie up and down the country, and not be drawn together? as the enemy marched on the other side of the river, we ought to flank them on this side, throw up works, burn the forage and guard the passage; in one week's time their horses would starve, I can assure you, 12,000 on our side, to 6,000 on theirs, is odds, and we supported with the two English regiments. O that we had a forward, brisk man, true to the cause, few of them should go back to tell their tale.

EVAN. The governor and a parcel of them do nothing but drink night and day, in as great security as if the enemy were an 100 miles off He was talking of calling a council, and that is all the good we are like to have of him. I that am a clergyman, reason guides me, something else should be done, than to let them come and blow us up. I wish Granade may not suffer by these councellors: he is the only man of experience, as I understand, we have to trust to, if beseiged.

Enter a Messenger.

MES. The governor has called a council this afternoon.

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ANT. We'll attend. *Exit Messenger.*

CAM. I would wish to see this governor and his drunken company, instead of council, get on horse back, appear at the head of their troops and companies, and encourage their men. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A HALL OR PLACE OF JUDICATURE.

Enter Governor with an officer.

GOV. The readiest way in the world to appease the grumbling of the people, is to call a council; 'tis not a week past since I had one, and now must have another; one council more is all I need before the enemy (as they call them, but my friends) appear. Nothing so effectual as this council. This method I took, for the several counties of Down and Antrim; the general there was at council the very morning the enemy advanced, and within a mile of the council chamber, and had it not been for an officer that forced in and cried fire, Lieut. Gen. Hamilton had caught them all at council; the fighting part was not thought of. King William is a good prince, I believe, by his sending me a present of five hundred pounds, and two thousand more which I was to lay out, will do me good. O how am I courted on both sides! but King James is my real master, he gave me the first bread, and made me a lieutenant colonel, by the help of my wife's relations, that were domestics of the dutches of P——. My old master will be here in four or five days; he is now on his journey hither from Dublin, on his way to Scotland. How well he'll be pleased at my delivering the keys of this city into his own hand, and laugh when I shall tell him how I have filled my purse with English money! That plaguy fellow Granade put me hard to it on account of provisions; if I allow that, my purse had been spoiled, but I packed him off. To-morrow or next day, I shall hear he is knocked on the head, he is more a man than to be taken and hanged like a dog. Well, when King James comes to hear how his business was carried, he'll admire how 15,000men could be baffled by 5 or 6,000 Irish, for if we had let them to blows, those north country fellows would beat twice the number. That was my contrivance to scatter them up and down the country, and not suffer them to come together. Sending away the governor of Colerain, giving way for the Irish to force the river, was a good contrivance, and his leaving them and going to Scotland. I could not have effected my business, had he not been taken off, for had he stayed, be

must have commanded the field, and done something there, or else they'd smell the cheat. When there was none but myself to manage, I made my excuse, that it was not proper to leave Derry, and let it all fall into disorder and confusion—but I hope King James will not forget him or me, for our good services, when he lands in Scotland—which I hope will not be many days hence. So here comes the council.

Enter the Council and Clerk, they sit down, the Governor sits president.

Gov. I have no mind to detain you long; here is a paper, Clerk, read it.

Clerk. "We the officers hereunto subscribed, in a council of war held this day at Londonderry, are resolved to stand by each other with our force against the enemy, and will not desert the service till affairs are settled in some secure posture, and whosoever shall desert without leave from the council, is deemed a coward, and a disaffected person to the protestant interest.

April 10, 1689."

All. We'll all sign. *(All sign.*

Gov. I hope this pleases you all.

All. Very well—Noble Governor! the best order that ever was given by a general. *(Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, Evangelist, and Camil.

Evan. Ha, what? the governor and council gone! 'tis not a quarter of an hour since I heard the bell toll. A mere formality and nothing else.

Ant. A pox! this frequent summoning a council is all a trick, to shift off a sense of the danger, and lull us asleep whilst the wolves come and devour us.

Evan. Here is no mounting on horse-back, no heading of regiments; those colonels and horse officers ought to be with their commands, and not drinking with the governor; neither making head nor marching against the enemy. I am of opinion this is not the true method of soldiery.

Ant. Well, 'tis a most admirable thing that men are thus merry every night, no more apprehensive of danger, than one going along the street is afraid of drowning. Well, let's go and raise the mob; cry out we are betrayed, sold, and what not; when we are at the brink of ruin, our govenor and others are acting like sots.

Sots did I say? No! greater knaves than fools,
The secret tragic part he closely rules;
Counsels the vulgar, thus confounds the cause,
[illegible]es the people, yet expects applause. *(Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the town.

(A great noise without.) We are betrayed, sold, undone! let's pull down the governor's house.

Enter Governor and Clerk in haste.

Gov. Clerk, go your way and summon a council immediately, the mob will pull me out of the house.

(Exit Clerk.

This general Hamilton is a plaguy fellow, what a delay has he made, to be coming twenty miles in four days? Either his cannon is not come up, or something is the matter: he knows on my side nothing is wanting; they need not fear that, for I have taken effectual care to dispose our regiments and troops that they shall have no resistance. *(Exit Governor.*

Enter two men with large staves, crying "make room for the Governor and Council." *(All seated.*

Gov. Gentlemen I have with a great deal of deliberation considered the matter, and was loath to put you to any more trouble than the necessity of our affairs doth require, this being Saturday, I am informed the enemy will attack us to-morrow or Monday, I think it of use that this order of council be read, which if you approve of I desire every one of you will sign to it, for my vindication, and I will think no man living can find fault with my conduct in this matter. This is Saturday, and on Monday we are to fight. Read it, Clerk. At a general council of war held at Londonderry, April 13, 1689, *Resolved unanimously*:

"That on Monday by 10 o'clock, all officers, soldiers, dragoons and foot, listed or not listed, that can or will fight in defence of their country, shall appear at Claudyford, Lifford, and Long Cawsey; there to draw up in battalion, and to bring a week's provisions with them, and as much forage as their horses will carry." *(All sign.*

All. The best order that was ever given out by a general. We all agree to fight. Huzza, Huzza. "Huzza, Huzza," *without.* *(Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony, Evangelist, and Camil.

Ant. This last council of war was well enough to those that understood nothing of a soldier's business—otherwise there is not anything that betrays his base designs more than this. When the enemy made their attack on my friend Granade, at six or seven in the morning, our forces are to draw together at ten, and to form into battalions; many of them to my knowledge, have

about twenty miles to march, and who must go to them with orders? I am sure the governor never ordered so much as an officer of any of the regiments to attend; then to meet at three places, Lifford, Cladyford and Long Cawsey, which is four or five miles one from the other, as if it was to give the enemy an advantage, that they might have but few to engage at a time, and at the hour of ten to meet: what if the enemy comes before that time, where must they then meet? our governor expects Lieut. Gen. Hamilton to dine with him in Derry on Monday. Then to bring a week's provision with them at least; this is for the foot, the horse as much forage as their horses can carry. Not a word of the two English regiments on shipboard In all which he stands upon the justification of himself, as if no man could fault his conduct. A rare general for a sham fight! and such another is not to be met with in the king's dominions, or in the next to it. I wish Granade does not suffer by it, and that he may come off safe.

Evan. I have the same wishes with all my heart.

Cam. I do not question it in the least: he has a thousand or twelve hundred stout men with him, he will fight his way in spite of their heart, come off with flying colors, and thank the governor for his kindness. 'Tis not long since he with three hundred men beat a regiment of Irish, and a body of dragoons, and took a strong pass from them. Alas, these Irish were nothing when we grappled with them. As soon as that exploit came to the governor, he took it so heinously, that he wrote to his correspondents in the army to take care of Granade, for he was a man not to be trusted. Let's go and see if the drinking trade goes on with our great man the governor, the lord B——, colonel G——, colonel M—— &c. They'll not do the enemy any hurt, I'll warrant them.

Ant. Let us increase our interest with the soldiers, they'll stand us in the greatest stead at last: I have brought over several serjeants, corporals, drummers, and above 100 of the governor's regiment, that are all averse to surrender. 'Tis pleasant sport when five or six of us get together, and King William and Queen Mary, Prince George and Princess Anne's health go merrily about.—Then huzza! no surrender! Half the garrison is presently about us, and answers us in the street, no surrender! no surrender!

(*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV.—*Changes to Castlefin, an old demolished castle and village, by a river side.*

Enter Granade, Monrath, and Fergus.

GRAN. What do you think, is this fair dealing or not? On Tuesday last I parted the governor, who promised I should be releived or reinforced with strong detachments of men, ammunition, &c. Does he think I can defend all these passes against the enemy, with only one regiment? 'tis now Sunday afternoon, and no appearance of troops, horse or foot, notwithstanding the body of the enemy's army marched by Derry yesterday, and but ten miles off; I expect they'll charge me this night.

FOR. 'Tis admirable that he does not take care; a good commander would not send his men any further than he'd go himself; see how regular and formidable Lieu. Gen Hamilton advances, that has not half the number we have when at the same time our governor lies eating and drinking in Derry, and suffers the enemy to come and pull him out by the ears. He sends us twelve miles from Derry, as the governor of Colerain sent us twelve miles from thence, to be surrounded and cut off by the enemy's horse and dragoons; twice we escaped a scourging by a good retreat—I wish we may do so a third time.

GRAN. No, Forgus, he is safe, though we are not.—Lieu. Gen. Hamilton and he combine against us, and seek our ruin; we have enemies before and behind us, we are betrayed, sold, our lives allotted and designed by them a sacrifice to the enemy's fury—Providence will yet protect us from their malice. Our innocence and fidelity to our country, shall yet flourish.

MON. 'Tis a most deplorable case to think how we are served. Lord Kingston is within twenty miles with 3000 foot and 1000 horse to join us, yet by private designs and villany, this treacherous governor and his friends are not contented to get this kingdom to themselves, but destroy us root and branch. Thus we are scattered through the country on purpose that the enemy shall have little opposition.

FORG. Just so it was at the break of Dromore, and so it will be here at Claudy; there they value not poor men's lives, sit in council half-an-hour, drink all day after, not fearing the enemy, fancy them 500 miles off, and drink claret as long as they can see: confound Tyconnel and his army.

GRAN. You are in the right of it; the blow is designed on us, not on them; who will be so great with Lieut. Gen. Hamilton as they, when we shall either starve or be hanged?

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. About three miles from hence, I saw the enemy's horse and foot. I posted away to give you an account.

GRAN. I'll go send an express to the governor, that their vanguard is within a mile of us. If this does not alarm him, then I will consider his majesty's interest most treacherously betrayed, and England's right to this kingdom sold. I in the mean time will post my men to the best advantage, die honorably, and maintain my ground to the last. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter the Governor and two Officers.

GOV. I have had an account that the enemy is advancing, and is now at Strabane, or near it.

1st OFFI. 'Tis impossible it should be otherwise, for they marched by this town yesterday, on the contrary side of the river, in view of the garrison. Do you think, sir, there is strength enough to oppose the enemy?

GOV. I fear not; but had the enemy staid two days longer, our men would have come up.

2nd OFFI. But the two English regiments on board, sir—

GOV. They'd signify nothing; the Prince of Orange—I Mean King William, will have more occasion for them in another place than to have them cut off here, 'twill encourage the enemy to more, in a place where there is no way to retreat.

Enter an Express directed to the Governor.

"This from CASTLEFIN.

"Sir;—The enemys' troops are advancing upon us.—I fear before this reaches your hand I shall be engaged. Pray, sir, hasten what forces you can, we are but a handful to the enemy, if you have regard to their majesties interest, and your preservation, speed what strength you can away; that which preserves us this night, is the flush in the river occasioned by the great rains.

Six at night. GRANADE."

1st OFFI. This is a hard case that people should be cut off for want of timely succor.

GOV. I intend to march out to-morrow morning with 2000 men and 5 field pieces, but I fear they will not be in time; for they cannot get there before evening, having twelve long miles to marc

2nd Offi. That ought to have been done yesterday, so should all the rest of the forces—'tis a great shame such a number of brave men as you have, should not have liberty to come together and try their manhood.

Gov. 'Tis too late now to talk of that, I must take care of the preservation of the town. I'll go send an answer to this express. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Irish camp by the river side. Enter Hamilton, Ramsay, Sheldon, Wauchop and Bohan, with them a minister.

Ham. Now gentlemen we have come within 11 miles of Derry, (turning to the parson.) You are an ancient dweller in these parts, what account do you give of these rebels?

Min. May it please your excellency, there are great numbers of them, but I have not seen any considerable body these three or four days, only part of a regiment came to Lifford the last night, in the town where the two rivers meet.

Ham. And pray sir, is not the river passable for horse and dragoons?

Min. Not at present, by reason of the wetness of the weather, but both will be passable to-morrow if there be fair weather, and the tide spent.

Ram. What advantage may be had if we pass the first river?

Min. When you pass the first river, and advance to the second, there are three fords and a bridge; but one of the arches was broken down on Tuesday last; but none of those fords are to be passed but when the tide is out. The best ford and easiest is Castlefin.

Ham. The only place you think will be Castlefiin.—But what guard of the enemy may be there?

Min. I presume it may be pretty well guarded, for there was a regiment marched thither on Wednesday last.

Ham. It matters not much; they'll not stand two firings; I'll attack the rebels at Castlefin to-morrow morning. (*Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to Castlefin.

Enter Granade, Monrath and Forgus.

Gran. Monrath, we must stand close to our business to-morrow morning—and your troop will beat two troops of the enemy, if they should gain the pass upon us.

Mon. I warrant you for my men, as good as ever drew a sword.

GRAN. It is now twelve o'clock, and all is in quietness, no alarm yet from our patroles. You must be sure to give orders, as soon as one comes in to send another out.

Enter an Express.

GRAN. From whence comest thou?

EXPR. From the Governor of Derry.

GRAN. This is a favor, 'tis more than I expected.

Reads.

"Notwithstanding the enemy is come to Strabane, I hope there will be no danger; I have given orders this night for all troops and regiments to join you to-morrow morning: pray secure your post as well as you can.

Eleven o'clock. R. LANDVILLE."

GRAN. To-morrow we are to have a trial of skill, whether this letter had come or not; therefore it affords but very little comfort. I wonder for what he roosts so close in Derry; he ought to have been here three or four days ago, and thrown up some works at each pass, burnt the forage on the other side of the river, and in a week their horses would have starved, drawn his army together, with the two English regiments; the very sight of 1500 red coats would have made them run. But that would be contrary to the methods he is practising. It is certain that Hamilton could do us no harm, had they not taken off the Governor of Derry, and sent away the Governor of Colerain, who has by this time got safe into Scotland. 'Twas a most villainous and treacherous design to leave us in the pinch, and it's seldom known when a general comes with his army and the governor of the town and he juggle together, but the town is irretrievably lost. *(Enter an Officer.)*

OFFI. I stayed the longer at Lifford, to hear if I could hear any news, but just as I was parting, a young man came, who had been at Derry about two hours before; I asked him what preparation was there for to-morrow's action. He made answer, none at all. All he saw was poor country people driving their cattle, and carrying their goods; he asked whither they were going? men, women, and children cried out, they knew not whither; that the Governor of Derry and many others were at high drinking, carousing in full glasses.

GRAN. Treachery of the deepest dye! a governor, a general, that has now under his command 15,000 men, two English regiments, and the 3000 in two days' march to join him, under the command of Lord Kingston, to betray all to the mercy of 5 or 6000 foes, when on such a

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great concern depends the safety of the nation from ruin and destruction, our lives, estates, freedom, the loss of so many thousand destressed people, that know not where to go, to secure themselves from a merciless enemy. O intolerable and never to be repaired shame and d sgrace! Had he but done as the Governor of Colerain did (which was indeed bad enough,) given over and qui ed the cause and fled on the pretence of safety, we had then the management in our hands; but this our Governor of Derry, by a plausible pretence, in being under King William's command, and having his commission as governor, and being in the English service, runs and treads down the English interest under his feet.

FORG. Pray be not so much di satisfied, there are yet nine hours, there may be a great advantage made, the governor may be here, and tell all to our satisfaction.

GRAN. 'Tis past retrieving: there's no avoiding what will come. I would not willingly have a scandal thrown upon me that I quitted my post befor the face of the enemy, which I never did yet; but to be without relief or reinforcement, served as I am, would make another seek a place of more safety than to stay here four or five days, so exposed to hunger and cold, dishonor and ruin, whilst he with other of our chief commanders in full glasses at Derry quaff it off; the five hundred King William sent him, is well employed, and his management according.—

To ruin thus he swiftly leads the way,
Betrays us all, while we like fools obey,
But all his base designs I do inspect,
And will his treachery in time detect. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Irish camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon and Ramsey.

SHEL. I believe they set light on this place, although in my opinion, 'tis a very considerable point: had the governor of Derry wit to manage it, a small defence wo'd hinder us from passing the river; had he drawn away some forage, and burnt the rest, and maintained this pass but one week, our horses must have starved, and put us to such straights, even to the ruin of our cause, but instead of that, here is provision for our army, and hay and oats for our horses, were we to continue here for these ten days.

HAM. I always had a good opinion of the present governor, that he would do all things to further the king's interest. He not only accepted of the Prince of Orange's commission, but swore to be true to him, or

else the town of Derry would never have trusted him; neither could he otherwise have brought to pass so great things as he has done; he has not only got the king a train of artillery of 24 pieces of cannon, with 500 barrels of powder, &c., and all things proportionable, but has hindered provisions from going into the town, and at this time there is not ten days' provisions for the garrison. He carried it so artfully, that he got £500 sent him as a present from the Prince of Orange, and has the command of 2000 more. And when two spies were sent to Derry from Charlemont, (Ensigns Twino and Blacker,) he entertained them kindly. I assure you the king would have been at a very great loss, was it not for him. An hundred things more could I tell of his wife's management.

RAM. 'Tis extraordinary service done; I hear the governor is putting no stress, nor making any advantage of this post, but is fortifying Derry, and imposing on the ignorant people, by granting passes to run to Scotland in boats.

SHEL. This will hardly serve their turn, for we may be in Scotland very soon after them.

HAM. Get ready, this pleasant morning gives life to this day's action; the rebels are asleep; no appearance of horse and foot: sure these great heroes will not do as they did at Dromore, bring dogs to bark at us.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. May it please your excellency, the detatchment of horse and dragoons, are all over the first river, which leads to Castlefin, and have carried over the foot, and wait your further orders.

HAM. Do you observe any motion of the rebels on the other side of the river.

OFFI. Very few, not worth taking notice of; some three or four troops, and about a battalion of foot.

HAM. Command that they march on in good order.—I'll follow them———This second river gained, this long expected Derry will be ours. *(Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor of Derry and four Officers.

GOV. 'Tis a brave morning for our men to fight, what time of the day might it be?

1 OFFI. Between seven and eight. 'Tis to be feared you will be much wanting this morning to give out your orders, that they may be in condition to engage the enemy; for you have not ordered any to act in your absence

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2 Offi. 'Tis 11 miles, and if you intend to fight the enemy this morning, 'tis time you were going; 'twill take you two hours hard riding; they expect you, or one in your absence.

3 Offi. I am afraid the enemy will not fail on their side: Lieu. Gen. Hamilton is a brisk, busy man, and it's expected you'll be as brisk as he, you are a man accounted to be a good officer, and as much experienced as any Hamilton of them all,——And what will the world say when they hear you never went into the field, or headed your army in the day of action! I assure you 'twill be a reflection on your conduct.

Gov. I am assured our men will not fight, for if they stood their ground, we had not been put to this trouble; they'll run away as they did at Dromore and Antrim.

4 Offi. But they did not run at Colerain, there the general, that is the governor, ran from them: and at Dromore they had ignorant commanders, and the men had most of them families to take care of, all that was over, when they came hither. Now 'tis on you the whole trust and confidence depends, and if any thing miscarry on your side they are all ruined and undone; and sad will be their case, to come under the mercy of the enemy.

1 Offi. But sir, we must go else they will lay all the fault on us, that we did not head our regiments and troop.

Gov. Is my regiment marched?

2 Offi. It is about an hour since, but too late to be there, the action will be over before they get half way; for if the enemy engages our people, they are at hot work at this moment.

Gov. Notwithstanding we have 11 miles, and it is eight o'clock. I am resolved not to go fasting, but to take breakfast and a bottle of wine, and then we'll be going, 'tis riding a little faster.

3 Offi. I fear our poor men that are at Castlefin and Claudy will have a poor breakfast. *(Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Irish camp.

Enter Hamilton, Dorring, Sheldon, Ramsay, Duncan, Galmoy and Bohan.

Ham. You, lord Duncan, with your regiment of dragoons, you, lord Galmoy with your horse, Col. Dorrington, with your regiment of foot-guards, be in readiness, we will attack Castlefin; Sheldon with your horse, and three regiments of foot, attack Claudy: Ramsey and Bohan, push on, and force your way to Lifford.

Dor. The river is impassable by reason of the rain; if you do not give credit to it ask the guide.

HAM. Then let them swim; the rebels are all either run away, or none of them to be seen, they have but their usual guards; 'tis wonderful; I know their leading men to be of good experience. When the signal is given, which will be the firing of three guns, then push on as hard as you can. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Castlefin.

Enter Granade, Monrath, Forgus, with some Officers.

GRAN. I call you together, desiring you will be careful; you see the enemy advances; but this is our advantage, they cannot pass the river without swimming. Let no firing be till their horse is in the middle of the river; and take your firing from me. I'll send them back faster than they came; and since our guard is not come, let the word be King William and Queen Mary. Monrath, if the enemy should swim over in spite of our shot, give but one fire, and fall on, sword in hand. I'll soon join

OFFI. Sir, the enemy's horse and dragoons advance, and are now within pistol shot of the river.

(*Guns fire.*

GRAN. Hark! the guns fire, this is the enemy's signal for battle, every one to his post. The great God be our defender. (*Exeunt.*

(*Several volleys of small shot go off, and are answered by others, with very brisk firing;* "Huzza, huzza, they run!"

Enter Granade, Monrath, Forgus and others.

GRAN. You are my brave boys. (Embracing them all.) Our men behaved gallantly, they'll hardly make another attempt at this place; they thought we would have run at their entering the river. What number may be killed?

FORG. About thirty.

MON. There were many went down the river, horses and all.

GRAN. They must have a great many wounded. I could wish they met with no better success at Claudy and Lifford. Forgus, take horse immediately and find out the general and give him the account. Bring me word if the two English regiments be come up, and what horse and foot are come into the field. (*Exit Forgus.*

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The enemy has gained Claudyford; for as soon as they entered the river with their horses and began to swim, our horse and foot retreated and quitted their post —you may see them all on the retreat marching into Raphoe.

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GRAN. Well! it can't be helped, we are betrayed on all hands.

Enter Forgus.

FORG. Our general, (the governor of Derry,) came within 3 miles of this place, saw our men retreating, gave orders for every man to shift for himself, and make his way back to Derry, by the way of Raphoe.

GRAN. Did he bring no troops with him? Where is his own regiment, and those quartered in and about Derry? where are those two English regiments?

FORG. I heard nothing of them, but his regiment was upon the march, and when they heard our men were beaten they returned back to Derry. The governor does not answer what we expected from him; and he is shrewdly suspected to be in league with the enemy, and nothing more plain than not suffering our army to come together, nor the two English regiments not to come ashore and join us. In short, all troops and companies, or as many of them as were in the field, are fled; and if you do not dispatch and march, the enemy will get between you and Derry.

GRAN. 'Tis no less than reason, since all are fled, that we think of an honourable retreat. This is the third time I had the honour to bring up the rear of their flying army, the general and others having quitted the field. However this credit we have, to be the first in the field aud the last out.

We'll make a good retreat they all may say,
We came to fight, and not to run away.

(Exeunt Omnes.

ACT II. SCENE—THE IRISH CAMP.

Enter Sheldon, Dorrington and Ramsey.

RAM. Major General Sheldon, I am glad to see you on the rebel side.

SHEL. I observe the enemy's horse to decline, and both they and their foot gave way when our guards advanced, carrying deal before them to repair the bridge; I took the advantage and swam the river, the horse followed and made the rebels give ground, turn tail and run.

DOR. The river and the bridge were gained with very little loss, only poor Major Nangle is drowned, and the first that took the river. Our foot are psssing over the bridge with great diligence.

Enter three scouts.

SCOUT, to Sheldon. Please your honor we advanced as near the rebels as we could, and about a mile from hence

we saw a regiment of foot with flying colors, drums beating a march, which we judge to be their rear guard.

SHEL. Be they what they will, rear-guard or van-guard, I'll charge them before they get a mile further; let the trumpets sound to horse, I'll march immediately.

DOR. I know whose it is; had they not Orange colors?

SCOUT. They had! and no less than twelve colors.

DOR. This is he that killed so many of our men in the county of Antrim: you'll find a sharp opposition.

SHEL. Let him be the devil I'll charge, and see what mettle he is made of. (*Exit Sheldon.*

Enter Hamilton, with attendants. (*They salute.*)

RAM. Your excellency must needs be well pleased with this day's action.

HAM. Nothing in the world would please me better, than to see the whole power of the North make no more opposition. Sure all their considerable officers are fled to Scotland, and left none but a confused rabble behind them.

DOR. 'Twould have been time enough to have fled to Scotland when the skirmish was over.

RAM. It may be probable they would not have met with so good a conveniency; for now they'll be thronging one upon another, and happy is he that can get into a boat or ship first. I have been told that two or three families of the town's people and others that fled into Derry, crossed over to Scotland in small boats.

DOR. I think all is ours to the walls of Derry.

HAM. And in the walls of Derry. Now governor, play thy part with as great cunning as thou has hitherto done, and thou wilt gain eternal honor. He acted the part of dissimulation so well, the Prince of Orange, made him a present of £500 English money, and £2000 more to be laid out for conveniencies. Some of it went to unlade the ships of ammunition and stores for our service, no less than 500 barrels of powder, ball, &c., otherwise we surely must have been forced to bring it to Kinsale, two hundred and twenty miles by land carriage; that would have mightily impeded our expedition into Scotland.—The rebels cannot choose but be weary of the sport, having so ill success. To-morrow morning I'll try how their pulses beat, and send to see if they'll surrender the place to the king, when he appears in person.

DOR. King James was startled when he heard the governor of Derry had taken commission from the Prince of Orange, and a solemn oath to be true to him, and his prince's interest, as king and queen of England; and

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got a large present of English money. Well--he must be closetted, as he puts Derry into our hands: nothing will absolve him of his hypocritical oath, but some penance and absolution from another church. The king cannot give him less than 2 or £3000 per ann. of the forfeited share of those in England. What an army shall we have in two months' time! 50,000 out of Ireland, 20,000 in Scotland, led by Lord Dundee, and as many of the loyalists of England and Scotland, besides what the French king will send us. Those people of England, that is the Parliament, are busy in settling the succession of the crown: they little think that we are so near them, and that the scheme of their contrivances was laid by the cabinet council of France. Did they think that King James taking a journey from France, this winter time, was for nothing! No, 'tis for what will make their hearts ache, and their estates fly, when we enter England with fire and sword.

Ram. 'Tis very probable and will shortly come to pass, for there is nothing to hinder it. I must in all this discourse stand up for my countryman, old Edinburgh, the governor of Colerain. I never saw a prettier body of men in my life. When I saw them draw up in a line on the other side of the river, about 10,000, "By my troth," says I to Lieut. Gen. Hamilton, "we are damnably out of our measures to see such a body of rebels"—5000 he had in town; I was fearful they would have sallied out. Our men's arms were wet with the snow; but as good luck would have it, the governor took care to barricade the gates with stones and rubbish, kept peace on both sides, and so we marched back again in quietness. Tomorrow when the king rides to Derry, he'll be very inquisitive to know how he managed such a number of disorderly people as he had to deal with in Derry.

Ham. I'll say that for my brother, his grace, now he is Duke of Tryconnell, and has the star and garter, tho' he was overseen when the rebels shut the gates, by leaving none of the standing army in Derry, he has made amends by placing so true a man to the cause as the governor, who has secured a ship load of ammunition, which of all things we wanted; at the same time kept out provisions, dispersed all his army in troops and regiments through the country, and likewise kept the two English regiments on board, which of themselves would have routed all our foot: and when those rebellious officers, and those of Derry began to grumble, then would he amuse them by calling a council, which made all quiet

again, 'till at length he was brought as you see, under the walls of Derry. Gen. Monk's bringing King Charles into England at the restoration, is nothing to this of the Governor of Derry. 'Tis this will bring us to see the king in a few days in Scotland, and in a few months safe at Whitehall.

DOR. Where does your excellency intend to quarter this night?

HAM. At Raphoe, four miles from hence, where there is a strong castle, and the Bishop of Raphoe's palace.

Enter an Express, delivers a letter to Gen. Hamilton, who reads it and puts it up.

HAM. Gentlemen, the king will be at Newtown this night, and to-morrow at Strabane. His majesty is mighty well pleased to hear our forwardness to defend his right, and suppress the rebels. But how joyful will he be when he hears of this great success, which surpasseth all!—They with twelve or fifteen thousand, and two English regiments to sustain them, and we to put them to flight with but six thousand, and give them a total overthrow! Nothing is left but this inconsiderable town of Derry?

Enter Sheldon.

HAM. Sheldon, what news do you bring? Are all the rebels fled to Derry.

Shel. They are, our advanced guards by this time are at Raphoe.—We met with no stoppage, only about fifty horses faced us, but as soon as we advanced, they turned tail and ran, and on our eager pursuit had like to have fallen in with a thousand foot; they were drawn up so advantageously that it put a stop to our advance: at last they were very orderly marched off.

HAM. Could you not have brushed up to their rear, which would have been the ready way to have broken them.

SHEL. I charged their rear three times, and at each time the commander drew off, fired his shot upon us, and put our men in disorder, we could do no good with him; whosoever he is, he has not his trade to learn.

DOR. I told you you'd do no good against him: this is the third time he brought up the rear of their flying army. He has his men in as good discipline as any of us; he marches with flying colors, and cares not a pin for the government; regards not lord Tyrconnels proclamation a farthing. There's a spark for you.

HAM. The gallows take him, and those arch-rebels that are with him: I protest I commend him for one

thing, he sticks to his principle and does not falter a bit at what he first engaged in. I'm afraid he'll come off in the end. Let orders be given that the whole army get ready to march to Raphoe, and encamp there this night; to-morrow to St. Johnston's, six miles from hence. I'll send a summons to the rebels in the morning. When this is done, then for our friends in Scotland.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter the Governor with three Officers.

Gov. You see, gentlemen our men will not fight; besides the straightness of our provisions, that will not exceed 9 or 10 days, if all the unnecessary mouths were turned out of town; so that I think most consistent with their majesties' service, that the principal officers that are left, withdraw and leave the kingdom; that by this means the inhabitants and others may make the best conditions they can for themselves, to which purpose I'll prepare passes ready signed for them, and for the two English regiments that are on board; I have sufficiently satisfied them that they are preparing to return back to England without so much as landing.

Enter a servant.

Serv. Sir, here is one at the door comes from the enemy's army.

Gov. Let him in.

Enter a Parson.

Par. Sir, his excellency, Lieut. Gen. Hamilton, has sent me with a message to know if you will deliver up his majesty's city of Derry, on honorable conditions; and that the king will be at St. Johnston's to-morrow, five miles from Derry.

Gov. Sir, that can't be done without holding a council, for which I'll give orders for your quick despatch, that we may come to a speedy resolution. (*Exunt.*

Enter Granade, Anthony and Evangelist. (*They salute.*)

Ant. I am glad you are safely returned from Castlefin; we had the ill news that you and your regiment were cut off by the enemy.

Evan. Two men brought us word that they saw you and the enemy engaged and they were afraid that you would be overpowered.

Gran. There was no fear; They are as great cowards as ever breathed. But 'tis hard to have our governor, this general of ours, to be of their side, betraying us into their hands. 'Tis too long to tell you all the passages. In short I made a very great retreat; some skirmishing I had with two or three squadrons of horse, but when

they saw I was so resolute, and made horse and man begin to tumble, they would by no means charge me a second time, (notwithstanding they had some considerable officer at the head of them, which I knew by two horses and grooms in liveries.) He beat them, their officers beat them; I saw the chief officer fire his pistol, nothing would make them charge the second time, we gave them two or three huzzas and marched away, with drums beating and colors flying. I never met with such cowardly rogues in my life. I'd engage with one hundred to beat five. Three or four of their horses threw their riders, and are amongst our men, and brought into the town.

ANT. Now we are met again, we will partake of each other's conditions, whether good or bad, as Providence shall direct us.

GRAN. We are not without hope, we are capable to defend this town, till hunger forces us to surrender.

ANT. We have a great quantity of provisions in the town, for every house is a store; for all the governor has certified to the enemy that there is not 9 days' provision in the town.

EVAN. This is a great mistake, I am well assured by those who have surveyed the meal beef, salmon, pork, &c. There is three months' provisions for 10,000 men.

GRAN. Is it so, old boy?———have at them——— (Strikes him on the shoulder.) We'll be merry boys yet.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Gentlemen you are desired by the governor's order to meet in council immediately. *(Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Council Chamber.

Enter the Governor and Council, and with them the forementioned Parson.

GOV. We are obliged to send an answer to Lieut. Gen. Hamilton, by such as we shall appoint that they may enter upon a treaty of surrendering this place; the Archdeacon, Capt. Kenneth and Capt. Novel, are chosen if you agree to it.

COUNCIL. We agree to it: very good men, none better.

GOV. You are to go with this gentleman, who will conduct you to Lieut. Gen. Hamilton; where you may make this apology, that you had waited on him sooner, but the town being in disorder hindered you; but are come now to know what terms will be given for surrender. Two things are desired before they enter upon articles; first, whether the king be come to the camp or not; the other is, hat they shall not advance the army any nearer than they are. *Exeunt Gov. and Council.*

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Manent, Granade, Anthony and Evangelist.

GRAN. The town is not yet surrendered.

ANT. Nor shall it be by my consent.

EVAN. Whoever preaches non-resistance, I'll be the first man that will lay hold of him, and turn him out of the gates. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the town.

Enter Granade, Anthony, Camil, Monrath, Evangelist and Officers.

GRAN. The town has been surveyed, and we find provisions for 10,000 men for three months, if well managed; every house is a store, they have barricaded the walls of their rooms with sacks of meal, for fear of the enemy's cannon, all but the governor's, where there is very little —we may see we have all along been betrayed by him, who under the specious pretence of being governor, and having King William's commission, has held correspondence with the enemy, and endeavoring to ruin us all, has sent away the two English regiments, and would never let us come together and unite in a body.

ANT. We have here provisions enough, ammunition and men enough; let us not destroy ourselves and all under our command, by a treacherous surrender. This town is of great consequence, and the Protestant interest in this kingdom is lost if not now defended.

EVAN. It was not for a small business King James came into Ireland, and left the French court in the midst of winter, but on some secret design against England and the Protestant interest, and now to leave Dublin and come hither. 'Tis to embark for Scotland and be on the borders of England before they can be ready for him.

GRAN. I have three score officers, and 1200 men, who will stand by me as one man.

ANT. I have as many.

MON. I believe I have about half the number.

GRAN. No surrender! no surrender!

ALL. No surrender, God bless King William and Queen Mary, and the Protestant religion. *Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the town of Raphoe, and a magnificent castle, the bishop's palace.

Enter Hamilton, Derrington, Sheldon, Ramsay, Wauchop, Bohan, &c., the Parson following.

PAR. Please your excellency, the gentlemen commissioners from Derry are without.

HAM. Conduct them in.

Enter three Commissioners

HAM. Gentlemen, from whence came you?

ARCHD. From the governor of Derry and the rest of the council.

HAM. Who is your governor?

ARCHD. I presume your excellency knows him, Col. Landville. (Lieut. Gen. Hamilton and the rest smile, and look upon one another.)

HAM. Pray what are your demands.

ARCHD. Good conditions for surrendering the place. They desire to be excused that they could not answer you before by reason of the disorders of the town, and to know if the king be arrived. They desire likewise that none of your troops may advance nearer to the town, than where they are, till all be concluded.

HAM. Truly, for conditions, I think they deserve none; however, to save his majesty any further trouble, something or other will be done, but I am afraid not to their satisfaction; and for the marching of the army before the town, if that be of any service to them, I promise they shall not. So to-morrow come and take such conditions as we'll give you. Delay not the time of coming and dispatch, for to-morrow night the king is to lodge in Derry. Let the bishop's house be got ready for him, and an hundred lodgments. Then their curiosity will be satisfied. (*Exeunt Commissioner and Parson.*

Now for the conditions we are to give the rebels.

DOR. I think there ought to be no conditions but sure rendering on discretion.

SHEL. I am much of the same opinion; why should the king give any conditions to such rebels, that have all along bore arms against him in open rebellion, and in contempt of the government. 'Tis a great undervaluing of his majesty to condescend to anything but his own pleasure; 'twill be an ill example for future times.

DOR. They ought to make an example to all notorious rebels, and be served as they were in the west of England. Pray, what were the judge and executioner sent down for, but to judge, condemn and hang!

WAU. This condition I would have granted, to deliver up all the officers, and every fifth man sent to all the market towns in the kingdom, to be hanged and quartered.

RAM. But if they should not agree to those conditions and defend the town!

HAM. That must be for a very short time, they have no provisions; besides such a confused number will never be brought to any method: a rabble of people, as they are, can do nothing; for all the officers that had any con-

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siderable command the governor sent away. Therefore for the honor of the king and the army, and for a quick despatch, we'll march to-morrow morning, with flying colors, drums beating, and the king at the head of us, and you'll see they'll open the gates; the governor will with the keys deliver the town, and in particular secure the keys of the magazine; when the army march up to the gates, they'll be thrown open by the governor, without any opposition, and the king may do what he pleases.

ALL. We all agree to this method, and think it is the most honorable and expeditious way.

(Except Ramsay, who keeps silent and seems to be very uneasy.)

HAM. 'Tis now but the tenth of April, we shall be early in Scotland, time enough to relieve Edinburgh castle.—Then, gentlemen, prepare for a march to-morrow.

Exit.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Granade with two spies

GRAN. Here's two crown pieces for you; go you two out this night, take two long sticks in your hands, and be spies in the enemy's camp; take some tobacco along with you; you'll soon know what news is stirring amongst the enemy Can either of you speak Irish?

1 MAN. I can.

GRAN. That will do very well, about the time they give out orders, you'll be there. One of you must be sure to come in a little time, the other may stay till next morning.

1 MAN. Wee's bring you aw the news.

2 MAN. Come Jonny, let's gang; this colonel is a brave man.

1 MAN. God be wi' you, sir. *(Makes leg.*

2 MAN. Wee's be his sawgers when we come back.

(Exeunt.

Enter the Gov. and four officers.

GOV. The town is in such distraction and disorder, there is nothing to be done, the rabble threaten to hang me and all others that shall so much as propose a surrender, notwithstanding on as honorable conditions as can be given. These of my own regiment that have been along with me in garrison, marched with me from Dublin, and whom I instructed in the plain methods I intended for their safeness, are as mutinous as any—they are poisoned.

OFFI. Besides, sir, there are many mutinous officers that are worse than soldiers, and give encouragement to

the rabble. I went the last night, according to your order, to lock the gates, up comes one of the rabble officers with a guard, and forced the keys from me, 'twas by order of Colonel Anthony, Colonel Granade, and a clergyman called Evangelist.

Gov. This is brave indeed; then I am nobody. Well —for my part, since all command and authority is taken from me, I'll concern myself no farther; but let them take care how they violate the power King William has given me.

Enter Commissioners.

1 Com. We are at Raphoe, and with Lieut. Gen. Hamilton. He seems very haughty, and tells us, that what conditions we may expect, will not be much to our satisfaction. He told us some conditions we shall have, and agrees not to march the army to Derry till all be concluded, and wished us to be with him early to-morrow; and has ordered the bishop's house to be got ready, the king intends to be there to-morrow night, and lodgings he expected to be got ready for 100 of his attendants.—This is what the general declared to us: so governor, use your methods accordingly.

Gov. For my part I would willingly do the best; but, since they deny me to be their governor, I will no longer concern myself. (*Exeunt.*

(*Several huzzas within.* "No surrender! God bless King William, and the Protestant line!)

Enter Granade, Anthony, Evangelist, Monrath and Camil.

Gran. We have brought the business to our desired wishes, we have 20 to one on our side, and they that are for the governor, dare not open their lips to talk of conditions to surrender.

Cam. Conditions, says Hamilton, that will not be to our satisfaction. Their conditions are to hang us all; sweet conditions we may expect from him.

Ant. The gates we have secured, there can be no treachery on that account.

Evan. Let us see who dare go to-morrow for conditions to surreuder.

Mon. The gates will be my care this night.

Cam. And the great guns, those shall be my charge.

Gran. And at the head of twelve hundred stout men, that shall be my charge.

Ant. To keep comyany with the governor, and make my observations, shall be my charge, and find out, I ', what more roguery is hatching. (*Exeunt.*

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Enter Granade and a Spy.

SPY. Sir, I staid in the camp no longer than I drank two quarts of ale at one of the suttlers. I enquired of one of the serjeants for a brother of mine. that was in such a regiment, but I couldn't tell in what company. Pish, says he, that is looking for a needle in a bottle of straw. I asked him if he could smoke a pipe? he leaped at that, I clubbed with him for two quarts. In discourse he said they were to march to Derry at 6 in the morning, and the drums beat at 5; about 8 you will have them before the town.

GRAN. Gen. Hamilton promised not to advance, till the conditions were perfected.

SPY. They intend to give no conditions, more than to lie at the king's mercy. That, he told me was only to amuse you, that he might take you at the greater disadvantage. They have great dependance on the governor, that he will do them some service.

(Exit Gran. and Spy.

Enter Granade and Anthony.

GRAN. The business I have to acquaint you of is this: I sent out a spy in the evening, he was not three hours a way, but he came back and gave me this account, that Hamilton and the Irish army intended to visit us this morning, and be here about 8.

ANT. I thought Lieut. Gen. Hamilton had more honor in him than to break his word, that was the time our commissioners were to go and bring the sweet conditions they were to give us, that is to hang half and save half. What do you think they'll do with you and I?

GRAN. We, to be sure, are accepted persons—I shall have another spy in presently.

Enter second Spy.

SPY. The enemy are preparing to march to Derry, and will be with you in a short time; they march at the hill side on the edge of the river, and think to be very near before you discover them.

GRAN. Keep silent, you have done your duty so well, that you and your comrade shall have 20 shillings every time I send you abroad.

SPY. I thank your honor. *(Exit Spy.*

ANT. This is pretty well contrived, we'll send for Watson, captain of the gunners. *(Knocks with his foot.*

Enter a boy.

Boy, call the captain of the gunners. *(Exit boy.*

Enter Captain.

Let all the guns be charged immediately, and the gunners at their posts. *(Exit Captain.*

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The enemy's whole army are on their march, directed towards the town.

GRAN. All companies of foot march, and line the walls, we'll see who dare deny. (*Exit Offi.*

Enter another Officer.

OFFI. Sir, the governor has sent orders by one Lieut. Wildeare, to the gunners on the walls not to fire on pain of death.

GRAN. Go bid them mind their business, neither the governor or Wildeare has anything to do in this garrison, but ourselves, and they'll find it so in a short time. The governer wants to post every regiment in some corner of the town,—while the enemy marches in to hang us and dispose as he did the several regiments in the country. What a fool I was to lie at Castlefin, and I knowing it was only a trap laid for me? I might now take my revenge, but I scorn it, I have more honor in me, though he had not; he has his choice to go to Lieut. Gen. Hamilton or for England, though I believe he'll not be welcome in either place; for he has no business here. (*Exit Offi.*

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The keys of the magazine are not to be found, so that we can't come at powder and ball.

ANT. Cause the doors to be broken open with sledges —This piece of treachery will not do. (*Exit Offi.*

OFFI. The enemy advances apace, they are almost upon the run.

GRAN. Come let us go to our station, to see with what confidence the enemy march up to the walls, they think to have all things done by treachery: they'll find it will not do now. (*Exeunt omnes.*

(*Great and small shot go off, several huzzas without, "they run, they run."*

Enter Anthony, Evangelist and Granade.

GRAN. What pleasant sport it was, when our guns fired! how the rogues ran, and for half a mile never looked back.

ANT. How our cannon balls fell in the midst of them! 'twas hard to tell whether the officers or soldiers ran fastest.

EVAN. 'Twas a pleasant sight for the king to see them running away; they are shamed forever.

ANT. I'll lay a wager they'll not trouble us these [illegible]t days; they must find another way to Scotland; [illegible] drink the bishop's March beer, ourselves.

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A trumpet sounds. Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Here's a state trumpet from the king with conditions for surren 'er : and to acquaint you that he is in person on the field.

GRAN. Let him be there, we know no king but king William and queen Mary. They are in great haste, three months hence will be time enough.

Another trumpet sounds. Enter an Officer.

GRAN. Give entrance to the trumpeter.

TRUM. The Lord Strabane is at the gate and comes with conditions from the king.

GRAN. We desire no conditions. Let this be his answer ; they are in great haste : there's two words to a bargain. Give us safe conduct to England, to King William, and what directions he shall send us, we will observe. Our nine days' provisions exceed ninety, and before that is spent we may chance to hear out of England. My service to Lord Strabane. (*Exit trumpeter.*

Trumpet sounds a third time.

ANT. Bring in the trumpeter.

Enter Trumpeter.

What news trumpeter ?

TRUMP. Lieut. Gen. Hamilton will within this half-hour advance to the back of the ravelin—where he desires to discourse the governor, or any other rational man that shall be employed by the garrison ; and he entreats you (for your own good and the sake of so many thousands in the town,) to take such large proposals, as are too great for a prince to offer his subjects ; only the great kindness he has for his people. You shall have a blank sheet of paper to set down what conditions you please.

ANT. Go tell him for answer, he may save himself that labor, for we have taken commissions from King William and Queen Mary ; and we resolve to maintain their right, and will stand up for the honor of our country against any rebels that are enemies to it. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon and Dorrington.

HAM. No proposals will do with these rebels ; there will be nothing done against this damned town but a formal siege. Did you observe how they fired the cannon which fell in the midst of our men, without respect of persons, although the king was there ?

DOR. Most admirable traitors and villians ! how they persist in their treason ! There is no notice taken how the king is dissatisfied at the [illegible] coming along from

Dublin - yea from France, and having an assurance before he left Dublin, of the surrender of this place, and going for Scotland. To be thus baffled in the height of expectation, 'tis dismal to think of.

SHEL. The king intends to morrow to return to Dublin, and it is thought will call a parliament.

HAM. Well—the king is so baulked, that he is careless in prosecuting his conquest any further. How miserably will our friends be disappointed on the other side of the water? Here we must stay in this kingdom 'till the English come and beat us out, and all on account of this cursed place, that has spoiled all our measures. All that is to be done is, that we draw off to some convenient place, near this town, to encamp 'till our cannon, ammunition, and bombs are come up, and 'till we are reinforced with more troops, which will take up a considerable time. I'll go to know of his majesty what further orders he has, before his departure.

DOR. Where does your excellency think would be the best place to encamp?

HAM. They tell me at Pennyburn-hill, a short mile from Derry.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Anthony, Evangelist and the Governor of Derry.

GOV. I am mighty fearful the rabble will do me a mischief.

ANT. My life for yours, not a hair of your head shall be touched whilst with us; but we must beg your pardon if we censure your conduct, which has been very unfair in several things, but in it you have done yourself the greatest prejudice. You had once the opportunity to have made yourself a great man. But what obligations you lay under to serve the late king, it is not my business to enquire. You see how we have rescued ourselves from ruin, and hope we shall continue so, till relief comes to us from England. So propose to us how we can be servicable to you, and we shall do it with all our heart; for truly, I do not think you are safe in this town.

GOV. My request is, that I may be privately conducted on ship board.

ANT. That we'll take care shall be done, and a boat shall be provided on purpose. Evangelist conduct the governor home to his lodgings.

(Exit Evan. with the Governor.

Enter Granade, Monrath and Camil.

CAM. Now we have some spare time, and the enemy's designs are frustrated, the old governor turned out, and

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as we understand, they'll be on the defensive part, and block us up if they can. Our business will now be to settle the garrison, and choose a new governor, it being the desire of both officers and men.

Enter Evangelist.

EVAN. Come, gentlemen, a new governor, the old one is gone, and has left us; he would have staid, could he have been put in *statu quo*. He saw what a baulk was upon the late king, by those of his own army and of us; he never beheld, or heard of such a great disappointment. What a great happiness it is for their majesties, our gracious king and queen, for England, for the Protestant interest, and for us all!

(*Anthony takes Granade aside.*

ANT. A great part of the officers have desired that I would take the charge of the garrison, and be governor, because I have lived all my days amongst them, and never been out of the kingdom.

GRAN. 'Tis all the reason in the world they should have one of their own choosing, and I assure you, Col. Anthony, I am very glad of it, and what lies in my power, skill or experience, shall not be wanting; for we must stand for the public good, and the preservation of the place, which is of so much concern to the three kingdoms.

ANT. I do assure you, you shall have all the respect, all the freedom, that can be given by me, and what is acted or done by you in public or private, shall never be contradicted by me; I know my ability in war is not comparable to yours: you shall there also manage as you please.

GRAN. I thank you, sir, you'll find me always ready to do your service.

EVAN. Come, Colonels, all this while at your private discourse! Let's to the election of a new governor, unless you have a mind to reinstall the old one, and send for him on ship board.

ANT. Well said, doctor, you'll still be a joking. I know you had an extraordinary kindness for the late governor.

GRAN. He has gone to complain to King William that we turned him out: 'twas, I confess, a little saucy, but I'd rather have him turned out than we all hanged.

EVAN. Now for a fair and free election; the most just and proper way.

ALL. We all agree to it.

EVAN. These are the two that bear the bell away; it

is hard to say who merits the most, our beloved Anthony or our faithful Granade. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Irish Camp at Pennyburn-Mill. Enter Hamilton, Dorrington, Sheldon, Ramsay and Bohan.

SHEM. I understand the king has left the whole concern of this campaign under your care and conduct; and as you have been extraordinary fortunate hitherto, he is well assured there will be nothing wanting in the future, in reducing the rebels to obedience.

HAM. Alas! sir, our cause is lost! we are undone! the king might as well have staid at Paris, since we can do no good; one day is a month's loss. England will be alarmed, the Prince of Orange will soon understand our designs, and all our undertakings will be frustrated, which if this unlucky accident had not happened, (the opposition the rebels gave us in defending this town,) we had been in Scotland; we should have had an army in England: the French king would have assisted us.—Alas! this town daunts, disappoints, disgraces us so, that all the forces of King James cannot reduce this inconsiderable place. 'Tis a poor revenge to starve these people, they will say, it is popish cruelty, when we get no advantage by it. In three or four months the English land upon us, and beat us out of the kingdom. There is nothing grieves me so much as that this, our last enterprise did not succeed, and in the presence of our king.

SHEL. I must with great regret own the reason that we didn't succeed; it was our fault, it was such a thing as no age can parallel; we were so flushed with success, on all hands, that we were sure of our point; it will be an example to all ages hereafter, not to despise an enemy, let them be ever so despicable.

BOH. This night the king lies at Strabane, the next night at Charlemont, and so on to Dublin, where it is thought he will call a parliament, make void the act of settlement, and make such substantial laws as may be for the good of the nation.

HAM. Calling a parliament, is a folly, especially at this time, I can assure you that he did not leave the French court to call a parliament in Ireland. We have weightier matters on hand, that was not his business or intention; the method the French king's cabinet council put him upon, was to have taken 50,000 men from this kingdom, and some forces from England, where there are those who intend his speedy landing.—But this damned town ruins all—(striking his breast,) it stops our current,

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it is the destruction of our great designs, it makes us little in the eyes of our confederates, and will be absolutely the ruin of us all. Thousands that were favoring our interest will now decline, turn to the other side, and make the Prince of Orange more glorious than ever.

RAM. Had these people been pardoned, and sent to their homes, which, in my opinion, was the best, we might in all probability have had this town, but you see, contriving mischief for others, falls upon our own heads, spoils the king's affairs, and loses this opportunity, which we shall never meet again. All our ammunition must come by land carriage from Kinsale, which is above 200 miles. In the meantime our cause is lost; otherwise we had here 500 barrels of powder, 20 pieces of cannon, and all other useful materials ready to our hands, all our designed revenge proves vain; delays of this kind cannot be retrieved; he never, never will enjoy his crown again.

(Exeunt.

Enter Captain Buff, and Captain Stepstately, two of the Aldermen of Derry.

BUFF. A pox of your honor, nothing would serve you but to be a captain; I had not accepted of a commission if it had not been by your persuasion, and now we are like to be hanged together; we are all that are left of our militia of Derry. The rest were wise enough to run for Scotland and leave us two to be hanged.

STEP. Little did I think we should so soon have the tPhilistines among us: for my part I'll be no more cap ain, I'll throw up my commission to this new governor

BUFF. But what does this signify? It is true, we can say, when Gen. Hamilton came before the town, we refused to fight against him, but how will that save our necks?

STEP. Why, we can say, that we never had a commission from the Prince of Orange, nor never displayed his colors in the field, and what we did was purely for self-preservation, and to keep our throats from being cut by the raparees: And we observed the Lord Tyrconnell's proclamation to a tittle.———I am still shaking, brother Buff.

BUFF. If you are shaking now, how will you behave before an Irish jury? I am afraid you'll be in a stinking condition, and probably I shall be much in the same taking.

STEP. There is one thing yet to be done: what think you of Gen. Hamiltons protection?

BUFF. I protest well thought on, we must get that or

we are ruined. I hear there is one George Hamilton that holds correspondence with Gen. Hamilton, and sells protection privately for half a guinea a piece.

STEP. Does he and Gen. Hamilton go snacks? I'll give a whole guinea to have his seal to it, it will be the more authentic. But first let us part with our swords and belts. (They pull off their swords and belts and throw them away.) Go thy ways; these swords ruin many a man.

BUFF. But if the enemy should force into the town by surprise, and get upon us over the walls, what must we do then? They must destroy us before we get our protections out of our pockets. How then must I make my complaint.

STEP. I have contrived to barricade my door with my wife's kneading-trough, bars of iron, and other matters. I am an hour every night, placing stones, so that they cannot get in for their lives. When they come to my door, I will look out at my window, and cry, do it if you dare, I have protection, I am a protected person; besides we will contrive to have a mark at our doors.

BUFF. That's well thought on; we will go to our wives and acquaint them.

STEP. But hold, brother Buff, do you see this scarf about my leg? I am greviously troubled with the gout.

BUFF. That is within this week, you were never troubled with it before.

STEP. You don't understand me; this may happen to save my neck; I will let my beard grow long. Cry they, this poor old man is fitter for an hospital, than to do us any hurt. (*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Buff, and his wife following him with his sword and belt.

WIFE. Captain Buff, I little thought you'd have given up the cause, and deny serving King William, and our gracious queen: you used to strut at the head of your company; I took great delight to see you in warlike posture; put on your sword and belt (offers to put it on for him) and go out among your fellows. Five in a house and not one to serve the King!

BUFF. Not I; I will not, wife; I'll wear no sword, till God sends peaceable times again; I'll wash my hands, and be no longer concerned; I shall be hanged, wife, I shall be hanged, it is well if I escape for what I have done already.

WIFE. Never fear, there is no danger; put on your swotd, and s[illegible] urself a man, you have fifty stout fel-

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lows to follow you.

BUFF. I will not, wife, so take that for answer.

WIFE. You have not the heart of a goose, a gelded capon has more. Alderman Stepstately has pursued you to this, he has got a silk scarf about his leg, and pretends he has got the gout—Stepstately and my husband are arrant cowards. Come—on with your sword.

BUFF. Trouble me no farther, wife.

WIFE. Then get me a pair of breeches, if you will not, then I will:—Take you charge of the house within doors, and I will manage without. I will out among them.

BUFF. With all my heart, anything but fight, my dear wife.

(Ties the apron about him, and she puts on the sword.)

Now you look like Mr. Cook, and I like a female warrior. Come, husband, give me your hand.

(She takes the right hand, draws the sword, and gives him a stroke on the crown.)

I dub you Captain Buff, sir knight of the order of the white apron.

(A noise and shouting within; huzza, drums and trumpets sounding. Enter some soldiers huzzaing.—"We have a new governor, a governor of our own choosing! Long live Anthony, our governor!")

Enter Granade, Monrath, Camil and Evangelist.

CAM. Noble Anthony is chosen our governor. Evangelist his assistant: one for the army, the other to regulate the provisions, and all civil affairs in the town, to which there are five more of a council. The next thing is, all troops and companies are to be regimented, the garrison being in disorder, occasioned by the many officers that are gone from us. As soon as our companies are made up, you are to prepare muster-rolls, and by the governor's orders, Granade is to muster you.

Enter Anthony, the new governor, they all salute him.

GOV. Gentlemen, though I had the casting vote, yet for all things without and within the town, what at any time shall appear to be done in my absence, you are to do, and observe Colonel Granade's command; he is in all things relating to the army, next to myself, with great affection and kindness to him be it spoken. We will act together, hand and hand, and manage well the work. But come, gentlemen, our time is precious, therefore let's to the business; do you agree to what we have long wished for, that is to fight the enemy?

ALL. We all agree to fight.

GOV. At six to-morrow morning?

ALL. We do.

GRAN. Quarter to be given or no quarter?

ALL. No quarter: they give none unless for a day or two, and then hang us in cold blood.

GRAN. I question not but to-morrow, by divine assistance, to establish our cause as firm as a rock.

(*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE—THE IRISH CAMP.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramsay, Wauchop, Bohan and Dorrington.

HAM. I had all these letters from the town, giving an account of the ringleaders of the rebels, and of the new governor; the old one, it seems, they have turned out. I had likewise an account of the shortness of their stores, and that there is very little in them.

RAM. But, sir, the private houses are well furnished, and there is more meal and other provisions in some particular houses than in the stores.

WAU. I had a note last night from a very honorable burgher, who was deputy major to col. Cornish O'Neal, placed there by the lord Tyrconnel, when a Quo Warranto went against their charter. John Bowman, they call him, makes it his request to your excellency for a protection for himself and family, and many others.

HAM. My secretary is drawing 500. There is one of my name makes great profit by selling them at half a guinea a piece.

BOH. Your excellency may see their cobwed government is already tottering.

HAM. If it is not tottering I'll make it totter, and those rebels shall totter by scores on yonder gallows.

(*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Granade, Camil and Forgus.

GOV. The enemy lies very secure this morning, chiefly depending on our cowardice, and really believe that we dare not look them in the face.

GRAN. We'll try that, we may chance to brush their jackets for them. Forgus, order the drums to beat to arms immediately, and a detatchment of 2000 choice firelocks, to be supported by my regiment. Monrath, with his horse, marches on the right of us, along the strand: go to him, and bid him be in readiness immediately.

FORG. I saw him begirt in armour, and he is now at the head of his horse.

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GRAN. 'Twill be necessary the garrison be under arms till our return, and 1000 men ready to assist us, if there shall be occasion.

GOV. All this shall be punctually observed.

GRAN. Governor, adieu to you for a while. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor and Evangelist.

GOV. Our men march boldly on; the enemy are in a great hurry in their camp.

EVAN. We are now on even terms with them, no deceit or treachery, all true to the cause.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The enemy has lined all the ditches, and dare not engage us in the open field. (*Exit.*

Enter another Officer.

OFFI. The fight is begun. (*Exit.*

Enter a third Officer.

OFFI. The enemy gave way, and our men have beaten them out of the ditch; I saw it off the walls, as also by the shout our men gave. (*Exit.*

Enter a fourth Officer.

OFFI. The enemy fly, and are beaten over Pennyburn river, and our party have set two houses on fire.

GOV. Cause 1000 men to march for a reinforcement.

Enter a fifth Officer.

OFFI. Col. Monrath did wonders, but is forced to give way, and is pursued by the enemy's horse to the gates.

Enter a sixth Officer, from the fight.

OFFI. Our men as they were marching home, lined the ditches on the enemy's horse, and have cut them all off, upon their retreat back. (*Exit.*

GOV. I'll go and welcome Granade back. (*Exeunt.*

Scene—General Hamilton's Quarters.

Enter Hamilton, Bohan, Wauhop.

HAM. One came to me not long since, and told me that a swarm or two of the rebels came out of the town, to take the air; they are so hot in keeping within that hive of theirs, that the old ones turn out the young ones. I'll serve them one of those days, as they do bees, put brimstone under their hive and smother them all. I was indeed going on horseback, but I thought it not worth my while. I shall have an hundred or two to hang presently. I have indeed allowed quarter to be given, but it is only for three days, to sport with them and tantalize them, to serve them as a cat does a mouse, play with them a little, and then devour them.

WAU. I like that very well, if it were no more than to

make them an example to the country.

Enter Sheldon.

HAM. What news, Sheldon, what prisoners shall we have to hang?

SHEL. Prisoners! your men are all beaten, they had like to have prisoners enough of ours; for if Lord Galmoy had not come down with his horse, and Brigadier Ramsay with three brigades of foot from Ballugry, we had been quite routed; they caused the rebels to retire and draw back. Ramsay himself had no mind to engage them. Lieut. Gen. Manno is killed, and a great many more.

HAM. Is it possible?

SHEL. It is very certain, sir.

HAM. Oh, most miserable! these rebels begin to get heart. Let me immediately have a fort built to cover Pennyburn mill, and another at Bellugry, to preserve my infantry.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Evangelist, Granade, Camil, Forgus and Monrath.

GRAN. A blessed Sunday's work! this is now something like; there's some sport on our side.—See their white carcases lying on the ground. Brave boys; they'll find us no cowards. We are all true men, true to the cause. My dear Monrath laid about him i'faith.

(*Embraces him.*

Let us draw aside a little, and see what plunder our soldiers have got.

[Enter six soldiers, they pass over the stage, one with a pair of jackboots, a trooper's coat, and a pair of pistols; the second with a fine laced saddle, crying "*here's plunder!*" the third with a scarlet coat, with plate buttons, a hat and feather; the fourth, a good wig, silver-hilted sword, and gold-fringed gloves; the fifth, a green net purse full of Spanish pistoles, crying, "*plunder, you rogue! gold boys!*" the sixth, "*Sir, I hae gotten a guide horse.*"]

GRAN. Why did you not bring him in?

SOLD. He's no gang in at the door, he's o'er muckle.

(*Exeunt Soldiers.*

GRAN. This success we have met with, will much enliven our men. We begin to feel how the enemy's pulse beats.

GOV. Ay, and their hearts too, before we have done them.

Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

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Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramsay and Derrington.

HAM. This night shall be an attack upon the windmill; that once secured, the town's our own. Brigadier Ramsay, you shall have the honor of this command, your long experience in the French service, tells me, none so fitting as yourself.—Hark, the word to-night—No quarter.

RAM. I thank your excellency for conferring so great an honor upon me; all your orders shall be punctually observed; I'll go and get things in readiness.

(*Exit Ramsay.*

DOR. I fancy there will be but little opposition, their guards at the windmill do not exceed 100 men, nor are there any works of defence.

SHEL. They'll not make a sally when we're so near them; our patroles pass by the town every night, wirhout the least disturbance.

HAM. Let us pursue it with vigor; a brave action, if not well managed, were better never begun.

DOR. What number will your excellency order for the attack?

HAM. About three thousand: one battalion of the guards, Ramsay's whole regiment, Sir Maurice Eastace's fusiliers, Col. Butler's and Col Gordon O'Neil's regiment, and Galmoy's horse, to sustain them. I'll go and view them before they march. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Granade, with a Spy.

GRAN. Well, my friend, what news from the enemy's camp?

SPY. There are no less than four regiments of foot, and one of horse ordered to be ready. They are to march at ten this night, but I could not learn their design.

GRAN. Let them come—They must have more mettle than they had at Pennyburn mill. They come like thieves in the night. I'll to my post at the windmill set out my sentries, and at their approach draw off to the ravelin.

Enter Governor and Forgus, the Town Major.

GOV. Town Major, give orders immediately for the garrison to be on their arms, and to repair to their several alarm posts, the enemy is on their march.

(*Exit Town Major.*

[An alarm afar off: seconded by another nearer; a volley of small shot, seconded by another. An alarm nearer.]

Re-enter Forgus.

FORG. Our men are beaten off the windmill; Granade and his party are retreated to the ravelin.

Gov. Forgus, go immediately and let him in to consult what is most necessary to be done. (*Exit Forgus.*

We are beholden to Gen. Hamilton; for this his visit for visit. He'll hardly surprise us as we did him at Pennyburn mill.

Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon and Wauhop.

Ham. You talked of trenches. What signified trenches when the enemy flanked us? Indeed, had we trenches on the flanks, that would have been something; for when the rebels came upon us with two bodies of men, and charghd our right and left, we were then obliged to quit our trenches and draw into a body; we lay open then to their guns from the walls, which made lanes through our men.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. The fight seems dubious, great opposition on both sides.

Enter another Officer.

Offi. Our men fall extremely fast, what the rebels want in skill they have in courage.

Enter a third Officer.

Offi. Our men give ground, aud unless your honor appear amongst them, the victory will fall on the rebel side.

Ham. That shall not be wanting. (*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Gov., Camil and Forgus.

Gov. The day is ours, the enemy is fled.

Cam. Monrath is in hot pursuit with his horse, but where is Granade?

Forg. He will be here presently, he only staid to give Monreth his necessary orders. how far he should pursue the enemy.

Enter Granade.

Gran. I think between our right and left we peppered them well.

Gov. They will hardly come to the windmill these two days again.

Gran. That regiment of Sir Maurice Eustace's, with their caps, stood stiffly to their busines; but when they saw me draw up my last reserve of 500 men, then they took to their heels. How like stags they bounded over the ditches, and ours like true bred beadles scoured after them in full cry!

[A great noise within, "*make room for my lord Netherfield!*" two soldiers leading him, three of his fingers

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cut off, and a cut in his face, a lusty fat man: they set him down in a chair.]

Gov. Who art thou?

Neth. The poor unfortunate Netherfield.

Gov. What! my Lord Netherfield?

Neth. So they call me; I am three score and ten, and yet must turn soldier in my old age; my sprit's faint, pray let me lie down.

Evan. Get a surgeon immediately, his lordship is fainting; a glass of sack quickly. (*Sack brought.*

Gov. My service to your lordship. Your good health.

Neth. I thank you, sir; (he takes a glass,) pray do me the favor to let me lie down somewhere.

Gov. Your lordship shall have a good room, a good bed, and good quarters.

(*Exit Netherfield with attendants.*

Enter two serjeants, bringing in Col. Talbot all bloody, on a hand-barrow. After him Sir Garret Aylwer, laid by two soldiers on the stage.

Gov. Pray who is that on the hand-barrow?

Evan. It was Col. Talbot, a near relation to Tryconnel, otherwise called wicked Will Talbot.

Gov. 'Twas blessed will, that the soldiers didn't knock him on the head; I wish his cousin Tyrconnel was in his room.

Forg. As I with some others were viewing the dead bodies, who should we see amongst them, but Brigadier Gen. Ramsey, that commanded the grand attack; we found Hamilton's order in his pocket-book. The word was "No quarter."

Gov. Let a parley be beat for them to come and bury their dead, (*Exit Forgus.*

Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Ham. 'Tis yet uncertain how many principal officers are lost in this unfortunate enterprise, neither is it yet known whether the rebels gave quarter or not.

Dor. It's judged by all, that our loss is very considerable.

Shel. It would pity a man's heart, to see how many cart-loads of wounded men were going to St. John's-town.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Sad news! sad news! brigadier Gen. Ramsey is killed.

Ham. It grieves my heart!—our great Manno at Pennyburn mill, and Ramsay at the windmill; Indeed a great loss.

Bon. Is it possible that the rebels have such advan-

tage? they are devils.

HAM. We must find some other way to get this town; there must be some p[illegible]sed, they are now in much better condition than [illegible], for there are great quantities of our men's arm[illegible] into their hands, besides several colors, 3 brass g[illegible] cart-loads of pick-axes, spades and shovels, no less th[illegible] ten barrels of powder, nails, drums, halberts, &c. To-morrow morning let a parley be beat to know what prisoners they have.

Enter an express, deivers a letter to General Hamilton; he reads:

SIR,

"The king is much dissatisfied aa your slow proceedings, and the great defeat you met with; the loss of so many considerable men.—Marshal Rosin is marching to summon Enniskillen, with 10,000 men, and then will advance to join you; his majesty is impatient till the town of Derry is reduced, it stops all his measures and utterly ruins the cause. The 800 men sent to the Lord of Dundee, are safely arrived in the highlands of Scotland. Edinburgh castle is stoutly defended by his grace, Duke of Gordon. Farewell."

HAM. Famine and plague light upon the town of Derry! they still persist and glory in their wickedness, pride, and rebellion! I would take them in my bosom, they should have all the kingdom could afford, if they would but reform and run headlong to destruction; they may be assured no promise I make, but on my honor I'll perform! yet, notwithstanding this, they are building two privateers, which I fear will be launched in two or three days; these will certainly hararss and fatigue our men, especially those on the river side. I have nothing to send in answer to this express, but that there are fifty or sixty ships discovered at sea, making for this harbor, which no question is for the relief of the rebels.

Scene changes to Derry. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Granade, and Camil, with them a Countryman.

Gov. Repeat again what you told me about the shipping.

COUNTRY. 'Tis now five days since I saw the English fleets off the coasts of Down and Antrim, not far from Carrickfergus, steering their course towards Derry, and at the same time we saw some boats making for the Rookery Islands, where we were given to understand that the fleet was for the relief of Derry, and that there were fi e thousand men on board, under the command o.

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Major Gen. Kirk, together with ammunition and provision for the garrison.

CAM. With your approbation, governor, let us have a day of rejoicing, the bells to ring, and at night the usual firing of cannon and small shot.

GRAN. Let it be delayed for a day or two, till my spy comes in.

Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Marshal Rosin with a general's staff, Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorrington, lord Clancarty, &c.

ROS. Gentlemen, the account of these two defeats the rebels gave you, has put the king in great melancholly; but as I understand, the loss is far greater than it was represented in Dublin; no less than 50 horse litters in a drove, carrying wounded men most of them officers, &c.

HAM. Ill fortune sometimes attends the best of soldiers; there wanted not men of great experience and conduct; if the king was here he could not have pitched upon a better man than Brigadier Ramsay, his skill and experience capacitated him for a mareschal of France.

ROS. Gen. Hamilton, and you, gentleman, let us now retrieve our lost honor, and retrieve his majesty's drooping spirits. I have positive orders to reduce this rebellious city, cost what it will. To-morrow let all things be ready for a general attack. (*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE—THE IRISH CAMP.

Enter Rosin, Hamilton, Sheldon.

ROS. I want to know if all's ready for a general attack.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Please your excellency, all's ready, we only wait your signal for the battle.

ROS. Go immediately and cause the guns to fire, take care all's right——

'Tis not for James, but Louis *le grand* we fight.

(*Aside.*

Drums beat, trumpets sound, cannons fire, small shot go off, a great shout at a distance, followed by another nearer.

Enter Rosin and Hamilton.

ROS. Never did men stand their ground like these rebels, for notwithstanding our men were all under their works, not one of them quitted an inch——what slaughter they made from their flankers and breast works!

HAM. They are men of undaunted resolution, much more courageous and bold than our men; they level their

guns exactly, and do great execution.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Our horses have leaped over the stone ditches on the strand, and have broke in upon the rebels. Dorrington pushes hard on the north side of the windmill.

Enter another Officer.

OFFI. The rebels give way. (Rosin and Hamilton huzza.

(Enter a third Officer,

OFFI. The rebels advanced up with a reserve of five hundred men, and have quite routed the regiment of guards. Brigadier Dorrington is carried off mortally wounded.

Enter a fourth Officer.

OFFI. Bad news! bad news! our grenadiers are driven back. Six troops of horse entirely cut off; Mountgarret's son, with many others, either killed or taken prisoners, and sixty volunteers, French or English lost.

Enter a fifth Officer.

OFFI. Colonel Farrel and Captain Grime are killed, Captain Watson of the guards taken prisoner, and a hundred more that I cannot name.

ROS. Go and call a retreat or I shall lose my army.

OFFI. They have retreated fast enough already, for our men are all fled. Eight hundred of the rebels are in pursuit of them, and a party of horse.

ROS. Hell, damnation, and confusion, that I ever came amongst such! I'll study till to-morrow but I'll form a device—hold, I have it already- I'll starve the inhabitants of the north under the walls of Derry, man, woman, and child; I'll send forth my edict immediately, to drive all old or young of what degree or quality soever, that are within these eight counties, protected or unprotected, I will serve them all alike without respect of persons.

Scene changes to Derry. *(Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, Grande, Evangelist, Fergus and Camil.

EVAN. Providence makes us fortunate and crowns all our undertakings with success, makes our cause invincible, teaches our hands to war and our fingers to fight.

GRAN. Let that be the subject of our discourse next Sunday.—Let a parley be beat for the enemy to come and bury their dead.

Enter Amazon, Deborah, and Letitia, leading a Captain of the Irish Guards, prisoner.

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AMAZ. This captain is my prisoner, I came first to him and with mith my cocked pistol bid him beg his life—which he did, and gave me this purse of Spanish pistols: and here noble captain is your purse again; it may do your service.—Governor, judge now if he is not my prisoner?

GOV. He is your prisoner, dear Amazon.

(One of the soldiers puts his hands in the prisoner's pockets.)

AMAZ. If you touch him (*taking out her pistol,*) I'll shoot you through the head—we women when we take prisoners, are generous to them, we scorn to put our hands in their pockets.

GOV. I protest ladies you ought to be chronicled, you were resolved to attack where the most honor was.

AMAZ. Noble Governor, give us leave to see our captive captain well lodged. Come captain, we are both merciful and charitable, we will every day come and dress your wounds. (*Exeunt*

Enter Felicia and Gertrude with one of the enemy's colors. Gertrude going before with two carbines resting on her arms.

GER. Order the colors, Felicia.—Noble Governor, we two were of the party of the 800 that were upon the reserve, which was ordered in pursuit of the enemy; we overtook an ensign, who had slipt the colors off the staff, and was tying them about his waist that he might run the faster away, half a dozen shots made at him, and down he fell: the soldiers were not long in getting off his cloths, some got his money, another his watch, we desired no more than the colors for our share.—We are almost breathless, these peticoats of ours, so hindered us that we could not run; had we each of us a pair of breeches we should have been foremost in the pursuit.

FELIC. The gentleman had a very white skin, though red haired; we saw nothing but his breasts, did we sister? for when the soldiers went to strip lower we clapt our hands before our faces, and ran away with our colors, is not this true sister?

GER. Ha! Ha! this girl makes me laugh in good earnest—By a letter or two he had in his pocket 'twas told me afterwards, his name was Flemming, son of Sir John Flemming.

GOV. 'Twas bravely done, sweet ladies.

(Governor and Granade kiss them.)

GER. But sister what is become of Amazon, our captain, and her sisters Letitia and Deborah?

Gov. They are all come in safe, you will find them at their lodgings, or with the prisoner they took; they are now as I suppose dressing his wounds. Forgus, ease these ladies of their colors and arms, and see them at their lodgings. I'll dispose of them in the church among the rest of our trophies of honor.

(*Exeunt Forgus and ladies.*

Gov. I would fain know what number of the enemy's horse were killed?

Evan. Between 60 and 70, as I am told.

Enter Forgus.

Gov. Forgus, go you and get what butchers you can, and others and have the horses flayed, and their quarters brought into the town, and let there be casks got ready, and salt; they'll be a month's provisions, 'tis a great while since we have had any fresh beef. let me have a dish of steaks sent to my cook for my dinner.—Let a parley be beat for the enemy to come and bury their dead. (*Exit Forgus.*

Gran. The next thing will be to know what news from our fleet; they have been in our harbor these six or seven days.

Evan. I was in hopes that there might have been some action between them and the enemy before this.

Gov. I rather believe that they are forerunners of a greater fleet; they understand their business better than we can tell them.

Gran. Had we some provisions for them, let them take their time—I am fearful that we shall be in want very suddenly.

Gov. Let orders be given that the garrison come to half allowance.

Evan. That is already done, I wish we could have but quarter allowance.

Gov. I find myself very much indisposed.

Gran. Marry, God forbid; you have got cold in this late action. (*Exeunt Omnes.*

Scene—Irish Camp.

Enter Rosin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Bohan.

Ros. Though you tell me that driving to the walls will be an inhuman action, and without precedent, yet I tell you, the most Christian king my master has found a method in punishing his heretic subjects, in these late times, that wants a precedent, and I do not think it amiss to learn of him, and do you think he'll be kinder to these people than to his natural born subjects?

Ham. But the king's promise, and his act under his

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hand and seal to protect the innocent, and such as pray for him, and are good subjects. Would you have six counties depopulated, violate the king's hand and seal, and have so many thousands of men, women and children to famish for the rebellion of one proud city?—You had better make a general massacre, than starve them under the walls.

Ros. Heretics good subjects! ha, ha! Diable de hertics, massacre them, that is a quick way to send them out of the world, but that does not answer our ends; when we get this city we'll find an occasion to clear the kingdom of any more rebellions.—My will and command shall be a law and I'll be obeyed.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Granade and Evangelist—after them an Officer.

Offi. Governor Anthony, after five days sickness, our noble governor is dead.

Gran. Alas! I am undone, my fellow-laborer in all my distresses and difficulties, (*pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his eyes*) what shall we do now? greater miseries increase upon us daily. Alas! I'm undone; oh my dear friend has gone to take his rest, and has left me behind! O that I were to go with him.

Evan. Marry, God forbid, then we should be in a miserable condition indeed.—Rouse up your spirits and consider what a heavy stroke is coming upon us; let your grief be moderate, and withal muster up your utmost skill, experience and conduct, to divert the ruin of so many thousands of men, women, and children, that are now driven to the walls of our city to starve.

Gran. I have done—'Tis all over, go and assemble the chief officers, and chose a governor, for a substitute for our departed friend.

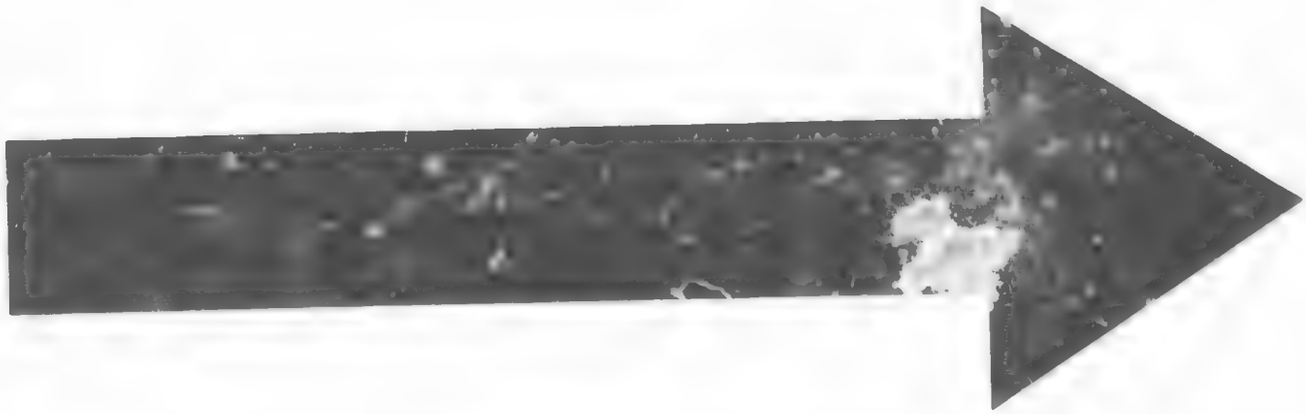
Evan. Alas! who can govern or manage so great a concern, but yourself? No man in the garrison will pretend to do it but you alone.

Gran. However for decency sake, and satisfaction to the town and garrison: they'll think I put a slight upon them and assume that which is not right.

(*Exeunt Evan, Camil and Monrath.*

Manet Granade, Forgus.

Gran. Forgus, call hither some carpenters.—(*Exit Forgus*)—So wicked and detestable design and hellish contirivance, was never done in any Christian nation before!—Does Rosin think that way of barbarity will make me yield and surrender the city, which is the key and fortress that is left in this kingdom, for them to get



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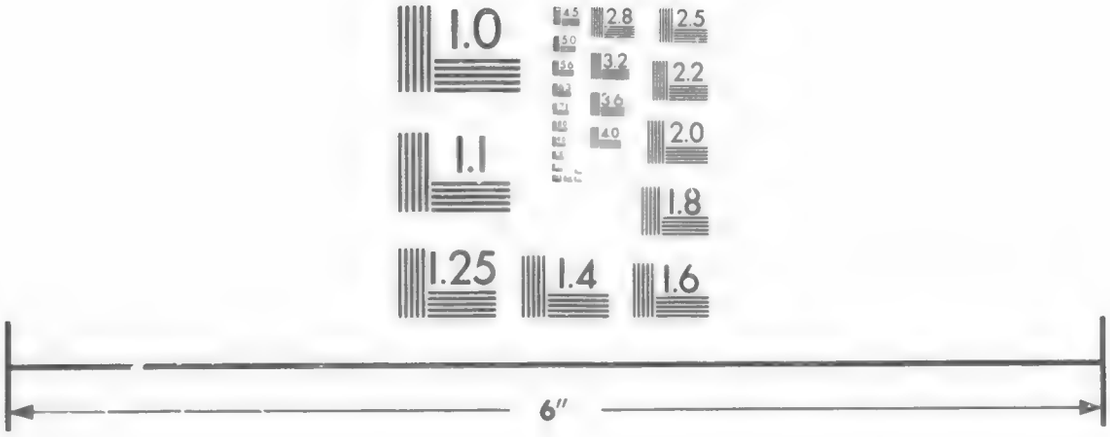

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over into Scotland and England, to practise the same there?—No this exasperates me rather, makes my blood boil, and to study a revenge suitable to this bloody tyrant's cruelty. Far be it from me to act or do anything but what is honorable and just, but on the other hand, when there is a case of necessity, to strain a point is the more excusable.—This is it then, to hang all the prisonners I have in the town, without respect of persons.—If they say it is cruel, after quarter was given, to hang men in cold blood, is no more than Monsieur taught me, and it is what is agreeable enough, to follow the French fashions; and 'tis Hamilton's practice to give our men quarter, and then to hang them in cold blood—It must be so! If the Protestants of eight counties will starve by Rosin's and Hamilton's command, all the prisoners in Derry will hang by the governor's command.—If Rosin will remove the poor people from the walls, and keep them from starving, I will keep all the prisoners from hanging.

Enter Forgus.

FORG, Sir, here are five carpenters at the door.

GRAN. Let them come in. (*Enter Carpenters.*
Do you ,honest carpenters know how to construct a strong gallows, to hang all the prisoners, thirty in number? for upon the first approach of the poor people that are driving hither, I'll hang all the prisoners that are in the town, neither lord nor knight shall be exempted.—I am as absolute in my command, as Mareschal Rosin or Lewis *le Grand.*

1 CARP. Yes sir, we know how to build a gallows, and how to hang them when we have done.

GRAN. That is well said; I'll find others to do that drudgery; I'll pardon one of the prisoners to hang the rest.

2 CARP. No pardoning, we beseech you, sir, the best employment we have been put to these seven years.

GRAN. Since you are desirous of that office, I am loth to hinder you of it.—To-morrow morning let me have it set up, on the double bastion joining the general's tent that he may see them swing as he lies in bed in the morning; a ladder and pins very complete, or else I'll pull it down again.

1 CARP. You'll like it well enough, if I do not please you, then let me never carry my budget of tools more upon my back. (*Exeunt Carpenters.*

Enter Granade as governor, with a perspective glass in his hand, followed by Forgus.

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Gov. When I beheld off the steeple with this perspective glass, people marching, I thought it had been a reinforcement of their army, till I saw crowds coming along, and heard the cries and shrieks of poor distressed men, women, and children. It pierced my heart to think of this French tyranny. Oh horror! black and dismal! what would I suffer for the sake of these poor innocents? but to surrender, would be destructive both to them and us, let the capitulation be what it would. Forgus, take a guard with you and put all the prisoners in the dungeon, and bid them prepare for death to-morrow at eleven —Does the French General think to daunt me by this way of dealing? no, it gives me fresh courage, I will hang these prisoners under my charge, and hundreds more before this town shall yield.

Enter some Carpenters and a Mob.

1 Carp. Pray noble governor, which of the prisoners shall we hang first? the ropes are already made. Here is an old hangman bawling and making a noise; he says we are going to take his trade out of his hands.

Hangm. These fresh water carpenters pretend to my trade of hangman; I'll agree to it, so that I may be hangman general.—They are mistaken, there is a great art in tying the knot, and placing it properly under the left ear.—I can tell how many kicks they give before the gullet closes. The French way of hanging is a base butchery way. None have so clever a way of hanging as the English. I served journeyman to John Ketch, Esq., and attended the old Bailey six years before I set up for myself: and for quartering there is not a man in England does it better than myself, though I say it.

Gov. Hold friends, there must be some Christianity used, and not turn men out of the world like dogs: I have promised that they shall not die till to-morrow, I have granted a priest leave to go to them: to-morrow will be time enough, though you are in haste, they are not.

Hangm. Sir, 'tis reasonable that they should have some time allowed them; when I was a journeyman hangman at Newgate, they had till the next market day.

Gov. Well, do you choose Black Jack to be hangman general? I think him a proper person since there is such an art in hanging.

All. Black Jack, Black Jack. (*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Scene the Irish Camp.
Enter Hamilton and Sheldon.

SHEL. I have received a letter directed to your excellency; the messengers informed me that it is from the prisoners in Derry. (*Gives Hamilton a letter; he reads:*

SIR,

The protected, as well as others, being forced under the walls to starve, has so exasperated the governor, that we are all to die to-morrow. We made our application to marshall Rosin, but received no answer. We are willing to lose our lives with our swords in our hands; but to die as malefactors, is hard and cruel. Pray represent our condition to the general, and take compassion on

Your most dutiful and dying friends.

Netherfield.
Ed. Butler.
G. Aylmer.
Macdonnel.

From the dungeon in
Derry———1689.

In the name of all the rest.

HAM. Why let the fault lie at his own door—This is Marshall Tobin's doings. These barbarities may do in France, but not here. We must have a council of war immediately, to consult what is proper to be done in this affair. And in the mean time I'll answer this letter.

Enter Marshall Rosin and an Officer.

OFFI. May it please your excellency, the army is in muntiny, occasioned by some letters dispersed over the camp, laying the fault of the prisoners being hanged on the French general. The officers and soldiers met together. One says he will not have his cousin Lord Netherfield hanged; another will not have Colonel Talbot hanged, as being a near kinsman of Lord Tryconnel; a third will not have Sir Garret Aylmer hanged; a fourth will not have Captain Butler hanged, being my Lord Mountgarret's son. And this through the whole camp.———They threaten to seize Marshall Rosin, and to deliver him up to the town of Derry.—They say they will see 1000 Frenchmen hung before one of the prisoners shall die.

ROS. Ah, Monsieur Hamilton, what must we do to appease this grand mutiny! methinks I have the pain in my neck already.

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Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The mutiny in the camp increases; and the rebels taking advantage of it are marching out upon us.

ROS. O miserable! Diable de mutiny! de rebels, de rebels are marching into de field and take de advantage of dis mutiny; I shall be hanged on yonder gallows the rebels have set up: go presently and order horse and foot to draw into a battalion.

OFFI. None of them will handle their arms.

ROS. Away and call off the people from under the walls, tell them they shall have good quarters, money and victuals, and they shall go to their own homes.—I shall be seized. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamilton, Bohan, Sheldon.

HAM. Well, 'twas a rare contrivance, ha, ha! (*All laughing heartily*). This will be a joyful time for the poor prisoners who were to be hanged in Derry: Well, 'twould have been a just judgment had Rosin been delivered up, the governor of Derry would certainly have hanged a mareschal of France; I'll make him a present of a dozen of claret for this morning's work.

SHEL. Well, I'll say that for him, he has not his trade to learn; it was a most extraordinary stratagem; this shows that he is no novice, or that he wants skill in the military art, to save the gentleman prisoners in Derry, and at the same time to release the poor people that were under the walls.

HAM. Was'nt it strange he should make a muntiny in our camp? Bohan, we must go and visit marshall Rosin, and see how he does after his great fright.

Enter an Officer.

OFF. Sir, the people are all released, and drawn from the walls of Derry by the general's order.

HAM. Needs must when the devil drives. Give these five louis d'ors amongst them, which is all the money I have about me; let there also be some provisions distributed, for I very much pity them, those women and children are half starved; alas! when they return home all is plundered and taken from them, nothing but hard ground to lie upon: the raparees that follow the army, devour all.

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor, Camil, and Evangelist.

EVAN. Our provisions are all gone, the stores are exhausted: our men are searching the town for food.

GOV. Let some more horses be killed, and distributed

amongst them. Providence, I hope, will soon relieve us.

Enter an Officer.

Offi. Sir, here is a present sent you by General Hamilton, of a dozen bottles of wine, and to-morrow, he'll send you a fat sheep.

Gov. Give a taste of the wine to the messenger for fear of poison—Call him in.

Enter a Messenger.

Gov. Pray give my service to Gen. Hamilton, and tell him that I have nothing to return satisfaction, unless it be to release one of the prisoners whom he may please to name. (*Exit Messenger.*

Enter a servant, he sets a table and chairs, and puts two or three dishes of meat on the table. Then enter Amazon, Letitia, Gertrude, Felicia and Deborah.

Gov. Ladies and gentlemen, this present coming so opportunely, I invite you all to a bottle of wine that is sent me, and such other entertainment for eating as our present circumstances will admit of; take it as it is and you are very welcome. The first dish you see in slices, is the liver of one of the enemy's horses that wa killed the other day: it is very good meat, with peper and salt, eaten cold. I have seen those livers boiled, and after they are pickled, they eat very well. The other is horses' blood, fried with French butter, otherwise called tallow, and thickened with oatmeal. The third dish is what we call in French, Ragout de chien; in English, a Ragout of the haunch of my dog: it does not eat so well boiled as roasted, it is something strong, but it eats best when baked. I have a horse's head in the oven very well seasoned, but it wont be eatable till night. My cook tells me that the horse was something old, which makes it require the more baking. Give me a glass of wine, and I'll drink the ladies' health.

(*Amazon pulls out of her pocket half a biscuit.*)

Amaz. Pray, sir, accept this. 'Twas given me this morning by our captive captain.

Gov. By no means, madam, I'll not rob you of so great a dainty.

Enter a servant with a letter from Lord Berkshire.

"Sir,

Mareschal Rosin and Lieut. Gen. Hamilton highly approve of your conduct. They made choice of me (I being acquainted with you) to send this, and let you know, that they are very sensible of the ill circumstances you are in, and so unfortunate as to engage in that service which will prove your utter ruin.—You have

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now a fair opportunity to retrieve your former mistakes and prove loyal; and Mareschal Rosin, Lieut. Gen. Hamilton and myself, will engage you shall have a suitable reward, and good preferment; which is to be Derry, into our hands! it having retarded the great success of his majesty's arms, both in England and Scotland.—Let this be speedily complied with, your proposals shall be readily granted and sent back signed and sealed by both generals; ten thousand pounds to be paid you either in England or Ireland, for this great service.

"BERKSHIRE."

Gov. I'll send an answer to this immediately.

(*He sits down and writes.*

Gov. Gentlemen, because I would write nothing secret to the enemy, I will read my answer to you.

"SIR,

"I persued yours and am very much obliged to Mareschal Rosin, and Lieut. Gen. Hamilton, that have so good an opinion of my conduct—if theirs had been so good, they had been master of this town long since, 'tis our great happiness to meet with such an easy enemy—I very well know of what importance this place is to the Protestant interest, and to my master King William, whom I know serve: he is capable of re varding me and those under my command, without paying us in brass money.—For ten thousand pounds I value them not a pin, and if the king would give me the church full of gold and silver I'll never betray my country's cause. I have engaged my honor for performance, and myword of honor I'll keep. Farewell.

"GRANADE."

Gov. Gentlemen, how do you like it?

ALL. Extraordinary well.

Enter a servant.

SER. Here is a letter, Sir, from General Kirk on shipboard.

(*Governor reads the letter.*)

"All things go well in England, Dundee is killed in Scotland—For God's sake husband your provisions and you will be relieved in a short time."

Gov. Camil, go and write as melancholy a letter as you can; let the major-general know that we are starving, and nothing left us but a few horses, which will not last abvove a week; when they are eaten we shall be destroyed, and as he reveres his own honor and reputation, suffer us not to be lost for a little bread.

(*Exit Camil.*

Enter two soldiers, running across the stage, holding a

spaniel dog by the two hind legs.

Gov. What was that the soldiers had?

Ford, 'Tis a dog they are going to eat.

Gov. I took it to be a kid. It made my teeth to water.

Enter another soldier with a cat, and runs across the stage making her cry.

Evan. The soldiers hunt up and down the town for dogs and cats, as cats do for mice.

Enter another with the Governor's mastiff dog on his back, with his two legs over his neck.

Gov. Hold, brother soldier, you shall give me some share of that dog. *(He whistles, the soldier lets his drop off his back; the dog and man run away.*——— Sure the dogs must be very poor, for the people can get nothing to eat, and what must feed the dogs?

Ford. The dogs go in the night, and tear up the grave, and feed upon the dead bodies, which fattens them extremely; as soon as they are fat we eat them. We have an excellent way of dressing them, seasoned with peper and salt, and baking the flesh with the decayed wine, we get in merchants' cellars.

Gov. Alas! that gold cannot procure us bread. These soldiers have eaten all the dogs and cats in the town, we must now, if not immediately relieved, give up the prisoners next. They had better be at once devoured, than to lie languishing and starving in a dungeon. We hav gold enough, but what does that signify, it would not afford us one morsel of bread.

(Takes out his purse and puts a guinea in his mouth.)

There is no relish or comfort in it, no more than a stone, a piece of leather has more sustenance. Yet this is what the world admires, and by which the world is governed.

[*Takes his purse and throws it against the wall.*]

Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Rosin, Hamilton, Sheldon, Wanhop, and Bohan.

Ham. Viewing the outguards near Ennishowen, and casting my eyes towards the harbor-mouth, I saw four ships under sail, I waited about an hour, and I beheld their English colors, they at last came to another anchor at Quigley's Point. They are, no question, ships of provisions for the relief of the rebels.

Shel. They cannot well pass fort at Culmore, and our batteries, and the worst of all will be the boom that lies cross the river, and the batteries on both ends of the m.

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HYM. It is impossible they could escape us: anything that is wood cannot pass us, down they sink to the bottom.

ROS. Give orders that if the ships offer to weigh anchor, or hoist sail, that the army be immediately alarmed and draw into their breastwork that lies along the river.

WAU. We shall sink them if there were an hundred of them, from our batteries that lie on both sides of the river; they'd down to the bottom in a moment.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Three or four of our ships have weighed anchor, and make all the sail they can; the wind and the tide favors them.

ROS. Play bombs, shoot cannons, and let our ensigns be at work.—Now rebels, prepare for the halter, as well as those in the ship as those in the town; no mercy for one soul of them, the very dogs, if they have any, we'll hang at the yard arm.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. Three ships under sail, the wind and tide favor them.—They are in reach of cannon from the fortfront.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The man of war has cast anchor, the two provision ships continue their voyage, and are making up the river, but not one blast of wind in their sails.

HAM. This makes for us; they may a little escape our small shot, but when they come to our boom and our batteries, what will become of them? Indeed if the man of war had sailed with them, and run with all her force against the boom, something might have been done; plied us with broad-sides, and rattled her small shot about our ears: they could certainly have beaten our gunners from their posts, or at least disabled our cannon; but these two small provision ships can do nothing; you'll see what a condition they'll be in presently.

Enter an Officer.

OFFI. The largest of the provision ships hangs on the boom, and is wafting ashore; our cannon on both batteries are pelting at her.

Enter another Officer.

OFFI. The ships have cleared themselves, are under sail, and out of our cannon shot, and are coming about the crook of the Enver.

HAM. Farewell, stubborn and ungrateful town of Derry, a nest of traitors and rebels.——Oh how this proud city has been a thorn in our side ever since we

came first to it! How has it confounded, distracted, at last brought to nothing, the efforts we have made for this great undertaking! Here to wait in despair, 'till conquered, ruined and overpowered by an English army, who will soon chase us from one end of the kingdom to the other——Had it not been for this town, we had in all probability been in the heart of England.—In vain do we stand and resist, run down and overcome by Orange arms.—We perish! we perish! and are quite undone.—Eternal honor be to you, Governor of Derry, your great conduct ought to be recorded forever. [*Exeunt omnes,*

bat.
cros
n.

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THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE 7TH OF DECEMBER, 1821, (O. S.)

Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."

"Nec magis expressi vultus per ahenea signa
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent."— HOR.

I.

Full many a long wild winter's night,
And sultry summer's day,
Are passed and gone since James took flight,
From Derry's walls away;
Cold are the hands that closed that gate,
Against the wily foe,
But here to time's remotest date
Their spirit still shall glow.

CHORUS.

Then here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few,
But when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

II.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay,
The 'Prentice boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play:
While some opposed the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.

When honour calls to Derry's walls
The noble and the brave,
Oh, he that in the battle falls,
Must find a heroe's grave.

III.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound,
While thousands in wild war's array,
Stood marshall'd all around.
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood,
But all was vain the town to gain,
Here William's standard stood.

Then here's to those that meet their foes,
As men and heroes should,
And let the slave steal to his grave
Who fears to shed his blood.

IV.

The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the tyrant's frown,
On history's bright rolls appear,
Emblazoned in renown.
Here deathless WALKER's faithful word,
Sent hosts against the foe,
And gallant MURRAY's bloody sword
The gallic chief laid low.

Then here's to those—heroic dead,
Their GLORIOUS MEMORY,
May we who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

V.

Oh, sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see,
And witness all our father's felt,
To leave their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek,
With want and terror pale,
They heard their child's expiring shriek
Float on the passing gale.

Yet here they stood—in fire and blood,
As battle raged around,
Resolved to die, till victory
Their Purple Standard crowned.

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VI.

The sacred rights these heroes gained,
In many a hard fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintained,
Or basely cast away?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our Isle,
And call it all their own?
Oh, surely no, the faithless foe,
Must bend before the throne.

Then here's a health to all good men,
To all good men and true,
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all TRUE BLUE.

THE RELIEF.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THAT EVENT, ON THE 1ST OF AUGUST, 1822. (O. S.)

"Grata superveniet quæ non sperabitur hora."—HOR.

Air—"MY AIN KIND DEARIE O."

I.

The gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
No longer cannons rattle O,
The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle O;
And here we are, renowned and free,
By maiden walls surrounded O,
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded O.

II.

The Dartmouth spreads her snow white sail,
Her purple pendant flying O,
While we the dauntless heroes hail,
Who saved us all from dying O;
Like Noah's dove sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us, O,
Thro' floods and flame an angel came,
To comfort and relieve us, O.

III.

Oh when the vessel struck the boom,
  And pitched and reeled and stranded O,
With shouts the foe denounced our doom,
  And open gates demanded O;
And shrill and high arose the cry,
  Of anguish, grief, and pity O,
While black with care and deep despair,
  We mourned our falling city O.

IV.

But Heaven her guide, with one broadside,
  The laden bark rebounded O,
A favoring gale soon filled the sail,
  While hills and vales resounded O.
The joy-bells ring—long live our King,
  Adieu to grief and sadness, O,
To heaven we raise our voice of praise,
  In heartfelt joy and gladness O.

Jacques & Wilsdon, Printers, Milton.

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Pamphlet